

APRIL 10, 1978

\$1.00

# TIME

## Those \*\*@\*\* Lawyers!

Whereunder the party of the first part indemnifies the party of the second part pursuant to the third clause of the above on plaintiff mentioned paragraph door closing interest

Hereinbefore named devisees, tenant at will and any implied warranty of that equitable servitude imposed by mutualty doctrine the follow

Misjoinder of parties quasi-in-rem under the statutory interpleader arises on plaintiff's counterclaim for the

justly barred by defendant ant filed

A Fortiori, relevance of foreseeability to the damages mitigated by a qualified privilege waived breach of implied

Whereas a contingent remainder secondary interest in testator's a cross over doctrine applies not to the

Estoppel terminable trust to the

case against the test favor by rule, a well gravamen of plaintiff's complaint is



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## IBM Reports

# Information: protecting a valuable asset.

In a very real sense, information today has become a valuable asset.

Modern technology has made it possible to put information to work in many ways that help improve the quality of people's lives. For example, computers are helping apply information to provide better education, improved medical care, a cleaner environment and faster, more efficient service to consumers.

Information that has commercial value must be protected like any other asset. And, of course, personal, proprietary or confidential information must also be safeguarded. Safeguarding sensitive information has always been necessary, even when it was stored in file cabinets. Today, much information is stored in computers, and, in general, it can be made more secure than information stored by other means.

### **Effective security measures needed**

However, as the cost of doing work with computers continues to decline, more information will be processed by computers and more people will be using them. This increases the need for effective measures to protect information from accidental destruction or unauthorized use.

This is a matter of great interest to IBM, because our business is providing products to record, process, store, communicate and retrieve information. Security is a key consideration in the development of those products. Basic security features are built into individual IBM systems to meet varying levels of security requirements. Additional safeguards are available to meet special needs.

IBM has, for example, developed identity verification techniques and other methods that can help control who gains access to the information within a computer system. IBM has also developed a cryptography technique and special equipment that can help safeguard information communicated by computer systems.

### **Management controls necessary, too**

But quite clearly, technology alone cannot ensure the security of information in computer systems. Even more important are the controls and procedures that must be implemented by management and others responsible for the operation of systems. These range from the selection of a secure location for a system to well-designed rules spelling out who may use it and how it may be used. To assist in this area, IBM has sponsored several major studies, held seminars for some 22,000 computer users and distributed more than 700,000 publications on the subject.

IBM will continue to search for still better ways to safeguard information in the products we develop to help put information to work for people.



## A Letter from the Publisher

In Soweto, South African black teen-agers refused to talk in public, fearful of police retribution. Instead, they climbed on the bus that carried the visiting Americans and, standing in the aisle, spoke haltingly of their struggle for civil rights. Two days later, in an empty Port Elizabeth nightclub, with purple curtains and pedestals of flowers as a backdrop, South Africa's Prime Minister John Vorster met with the same group to argue the cause of apartheid.

To get such sharply contrasting points of view on basic issues troubling Africa and the Middle East, a contingent of 32 top U.S. businessmen and leaders, accompanied by 18 TIME editors, correspondents and executives, last week completed a 16-day, 8,000-mile trip that began in South Africa and ended in Egypt. The tour was the sixth sponsored by TIME in the past 15 years to various parts of the world with the aim of helping the travelers become better informed about the global problems that so deeply affect us all. Day after day, the group was able to question closely, and at length, a number of key figures who are trying to bring peace to their nations. Among the hosts of the traveling Americans: Is-

raeli Premier Menachem Begin, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, King Hussein of Jordan, Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith and Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere.

Making the trip were Robert Anderson, president, Rockwell International; George W. Ball, senior managing director, Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb Inc.; Louis L. Banks, adjunct professor of management, Massachusetts Institute of Technology;

John R. Beckett, chairman, Transamerica Corp.; Philip E. Beekman, president, the Seagram Co.; James F. Beré, chairman, Borg-Warner Corp.; Theodore F. Brophy, chairman, General Telephone & Electronics Corp.; Philip Caldwell, vice chairman of the board, Ford Motor Co.; Michael D. Dingman, chairman, Wheelabrator-Frye Inc.; Edwin D. Dodd, chairman, Owens-Illinois, Inc.; Donald N. Frey, chairman, Bell & Howell Co.; W.H. Krome George, chairman, Aluminum Co. of America; Henry J. Heinz II, chairman, H.J. Heinz Co.; William A. Hewitt, chairman, Deere & Co.; Barron Hilton, president, Hilton Hotels

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Publisher Davidson gives Man of Year portrait to Sadat

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**56 Cover:** They're intimidating, irritating—and indispensable. Lawyers seem to be everywhere, but that is no guarantee of either trust or respect, and moves are afoot to reform the legal profession and the way it operates. See LAW.



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Backed by Chagall tapestries, Begin hosts dinner in the Knesset



Tanzania's President Nyerere addressing tour in Dar es Salaam

lines, Inc.; Robert H. Malot, chairman, FMC Corp.; Hamish Maxwell, senior vice president, Philip Morris Inc.; Walter J. McNeerney, president, Blue Cross and Blue Shield Associations; C.E. Meyer Jr., president, Trans World Airlines, Inc.; Frank Pace Jr., president, International Executive Service Corps; Bert E. Phillips, president, Clark Equipment Co.; Charles A. Shirk, president, the Austin Co.; Forrest N. Shumway, president, the Signal Companies, Inc.; Curt R. Strand, president, Hilton International Co.; O. Pendleton Thomas, chairman, the B F Goodrich Co.; Thomas R. Wilcox, chairman, Crocker National Corp.

The 1978 tour was certainly right on top of events. After seeing Vorster and Soweto residents in South Africa, the travelers arrived in Rhodesia on the historic day that the nation's new executive council met for the first time to begin the process of ending white minority rule. That evening Prime Minister Smith played host to the group at his home, accompanied by his new black colleagues on the council: Bishop Abel Muzorewa, Ndaningi Sithole and Chief Jeremiah Chirau. Smith called on the U.S. to support his "internal settlement" and rebuked America for what he called its "obsession" with a proposed patriotic front government that would embrace guerrilla factions.

Tanzania's President Nyerere intrigued the group for two hours in his rambling, high-ceilinged statehouse in Dar es Salaam. He used his ivory-tipped chief's staff as a stage prop, sometimes rapping it for attention, at other times pointing it at his listeners like a machinegun. Asked if he thought American business should pull out of South Africa or stay and try to help the blacks, he lifted his voice like a preacher: "Out, out, I tell you, leave that blessed land," a view directly opposite that expressed by black leaders in Johannesburg.

Departing Africa for the Middle East, the tour landed in Saudi Arabia for a session with Crown Prince Fahd at his work-

ing palace in Riyadh. Sipping bitter cardamom tea, the *de facto* head of state stressed his country's role as a moderating influence in the Arab world and spoke of its long friendship with the U.S. But the Prince left little doubt that the friendship would be reappraised if Congress denied the Saudis the F-15 fighter-bombers that he claims to need for national defense.

The group also arrived in Israel at a particularly apt time—just as Premier Begin was returning from his contentious talks with Jimmy Carter. Still fatigued from his unfruitful trip, Begin summarized: "My first meeting with President Carter was wonderful; the second very useful; the third quite difficult."

**B**efore the Americans left Israel, they visited a hillside kibbutz near Jerusalem to hear Opposition Leader Shimon Peres, and talked with Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan over dinner at the Israel Museum. Then they flew deep into the Sinai desert to hear Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman during a luncheon at a forward airbase. Next day, after going on to Egypt, the group crossed the Suez Canal as a guest of the Egyptian Second Army, saw the wrecked Bar-Lev line and toured Egyptian fortifications.

In Jordan, King Hussein hosted the group at his palace in central Amman. Back in Egypt a day later, the tour was welcomed by President Sadat to his home at Barrages outside Cairo. There the Egyptian leader was presented with the original cover portrait of himself as *TIME*'s Man of the Year for 1977. Sadat warmly received the Americans and insisted that he was still buoyed by "the spirit of perseverance" in striving to achieve peace with Israel. He accused Prime Minister Begin of maintaining the old divisions between their two countries that he had tried to overcome when he made his journey to Jerusalem. Asked if he had any regrets about making his peace initiative, Sadat said, "Never," and added, "There is no going back. I have chosen my fate."

Throughout the trip, the members of the news tour heard opposing leaders argue their positions with fervor and eloquence. Said Hewitt of Deere & Co: "Everyone talked about peace with freedom, equality and self-determination. But how to do it? The ideas are so divergent!" Bell & Howell's Trey saw one common denominator in the areas the group had visited: "Blacks and Palestinians. They want the vote and a voice in their own future. That's the bottom line." Even if solutions were worked out, said Borg-Warner's James Bere, "they may blow up tomorrow." But as the trip concluded, there was no question in the mind of Bere—or anyone else—about one point. "History," he said, "is being forged right here and right now."

Ralph P. Davidson



Black children greeting travelers in Soweto, South Africa



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## Letters

### The Coal Crisis

To the Editors:

Your cover for the article on the coal crisis [March 20] is probably the most poignant you have ever presented!

*Marilyn J. Martin  
Cambridge, Mass.*

The countenance of the miner on the cover should make all of us think. That miner represents all suffering Americans who have been exploited by the wealthy and powerful of our country.

The energy for a strong America is built into the very fiber of that miner and other hard-working men like him. Let's

own manufacturers. It is clear that the employer not the employee is being treated unfairly.

*Robert J. Moore  
St. Louis*

The consequences of the inability of our Government to cope with the demands of coal miners may be the strongest argument yet for nuclear energy.

*Raymond M. Wilenzick  
New Orleans*

### Spouse Beating

I have never seen or even heard of a "severely thrashed" husband [March 20] in my 11½ years as a trial judge, handling about 10,000 divorce-case hearings in Peoria and Bloomington-Normal.

*Sam Harrod, Circuit Judge  
Eleventh Circuit Court of Illinois  
Eureka, Ill.*

Battered husbands, indeed! Of course it happens, but it is a little like a case of man bites dog and occurs with the same degree of frequency. It's like asking for pity for the millionaire's ulcers or having a symposium on the plantation owner's hangnail.

*Essie Sitacen  
Pittsburgh*

May I suggest that one night be set aside for a battle-of-the-sexes program? The aggressive husbands meet aggressive wives for a real bash; meanwhile, the poor battered husbands and wives could relax at the Roseland Ballroom.

*Fred Ashbensen  
Livingston, N.J.*

Discussion should not revolve around whether wife beating or husband beating is the more prevalent; rather, we should take a good look at the institution of marriage. Perhaps the wedding license should read WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT MARRIAGE IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH.

*Karen DeCrow  
Syracuse*

### The Dollar Dilemma

Christopher Byron's Essay, "What's Behind the Dollar Debacle" [March 20] is certainly on target. America's standard of living has cost us more than we realize. It's obvious that, as Byron mentions, we all look to the President for results. However, it is the President who has been looking to us to adjust our attitudes and life-style. We Americans should stop passing the buck and realize that we have a problem that we must solve.

*Richard F. Reith  
Boston*

The Government could do three things easily that would immediately stabilize the dollar. First, institute an ener-

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*(The Rev.) James Daly  
Philadelphia*

As one who works in a dull, hard, sometimes hazardous and completely dead-end job for about half the hourly rate coal miners get, and who will have to pay increased energy prices because of their inflated demands, I am totally without sympathy for their self-pitying whining about the slavlike conditions they claim to work under.

*Dick Nickerson  
Southport, Conn.*

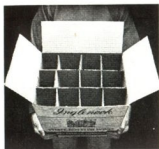
I watched my grandfather live a life struggling for each breath he took because of black-lung disease. I remember him covered with the black coal dust of the mines. How many coal users think of the miner as they load their furnaces with this precious fuel? I am with the miners.

*Anastasia M. Kalechitz  
Hallstead, Pa.*

Not only the United Mine Workers but all unions are a threat to the American economic and social systems.

Their demands cause an escalation in prices and inflation, and endanger domestic companies that must compete with for-

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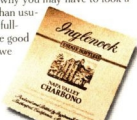
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## Letters

gy policy to bring prices and consumption in line with the rest of the world. Second, encourage U.S. firms abroad to disinvest, bring profits and capital back to the U.S. Finally, reduce or eliminate U.S. military presence overseas, particularly permanent installations such as those in Germany and Britain. The dollar is too valuable an item to the U.S. and the world to be handled with such ineptitude.

Geoffrey Wascher  
New Isenburg, West Germany

When you get right down to it, the underlying reason for our inflation is the continuing popularity of across-the-board wage increases and massive government spending. The latter supposedly comes "free" via the trickery of deficit spending. I am very much afraid that our politicians, and perhaps also our economists, haven't guts enough to face up to this dilemma.

William B. McLean  
Corapolis, Pa.

### The Shooting of Flynt

Who are you to label as absurd Larry Flynt's charge that the shooting was an attempt to stop his assassination investigation [March 20]? Are you psychic?

Fred Warfield  
Los Angeles

### Action and Reaction

The recent abhorrent Palestinian raid in Israel [March 20] along with all the others makes it terrifyingly clear that a Palestinian state is established in Israel it will be only a beachhead from which to launch attacks on Israel. War and more bloody terrorism will be the result, not peace.

Asita L. Weiss  
Summit Station, Pa.

I fail to understand how anyone could possibly expect Israel to recognize the so-called P.L.O., who have no respect for human life, not even their own.

Joyce Cohan  
The Bronx, N.Y.

The Israeli action reminds me of the incident during World War II when French patriots killed a few German soldiers and the Nazis promptly retaliated by murdering the population of a whole village.

S. Paul Tykinski  
Saratoga, Calif.

Dispossessed, deprived, desperate and daring Palestinians, living outside of Palestine, are more of a danger to the security of Israel than 3 million independent Palestinians settled in a homeland on the West Bank under the observation of the U.N., the U.S. and Israel.

The Israelis have two choices to eliminate Palestinian terrorism. The first is to kill every Palestinian refugee in Lebanon.

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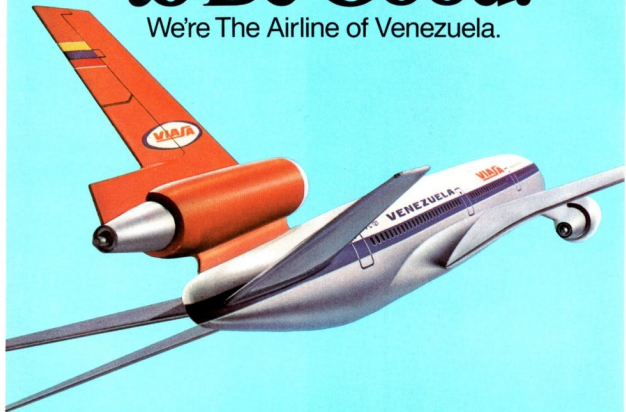
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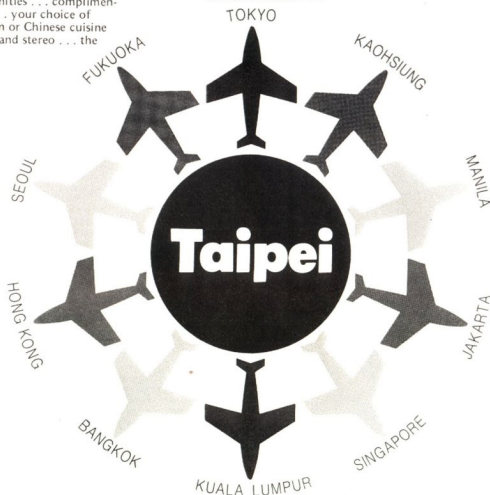
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## Letters

Syria, Jordan and in other Arab countries as well as anywhere else in the world. The second is to return the West Bank and other occupied lands to their rightful owners, and let the Palestinians have their independence under the eyes of the Israelis, who can watch them.

*George Haig  
Washington, D.C.*

### Floccinaucinihilipilification?

I was somewhat astonished to find that the longest word in the Oxford English Dictionary was floccinaucinihilipilification [March 13]. Having long been an aficionado of language oddities, I had thought the longest word to be pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoniosis (a disease of miners caused by inhaling silicate dust).

*William Needham  
Lieutenant, U.S.N.  
Groton, Conn.*

Many of my high school students consider spelling and definition to be a floccinaucinihilipilifying task at best. You may well imagine how they judged their route to a more rounded education to have been subtly floccinaucinihilipilified when they were finally confronted with floccinaucinihilipilification!

*Erskine Carter  
Colchester, Conn.*

### Roll-a-Role

Following your article "Games People Play" [Dec. 26], we have received numerous telephone calls and letters from our customers asking if we have developed a new version of our recently introduced game Roll-a-Role. Their confusion is understandable. Your article presented Roll-a-Role, a game that uses the technique of role-playing to create fun and foster mutual understanding, as a thinly veiled sex stimulant.

Roll-a-Role was not designed as an ice-breaker for swinging singles. It is a game designed for families, for kids, and for adults and kids to enjoy together.

*Lew A. Herndon, President  
The Ungame Co.  
Anaheim, Calif.*

### On Polydoxy

Why must TIME call "polydox" adherents Jews [March 20]? Although Christianity was originally a sect of Judaism, would anyone in 1978 venture to call a Roman Catholic priest a liberal rabbi? Of course not. There are so many new religions that one cannot keep up with them any more, but don't confuse a new religion with a sect of an existing belief.

The "Jews for Jesus" would love to be considered Jews, but the name of this group implies the renunciation of Judaism, and thus they cannot be called Jews. The same rule holds true for the "po-

lydox." They do not believe in God and thus are no longer a sect of Judaism but rather a new religion.

*Zvi Friedman  
New York City*

The peoplehood (*am*) of the Jews is a congenital condition I accept, along with a share in their fate. At the same time, I refuse to be burdened by such supernatural anachronisms as God, the Covenant, Divine Revelation, the Chosen People, the Messiah (what a mischievous and tragic notion!), etc.—although I know and respect the ethical content of the Jewish view of these ideas. It is enough that I am and my people are. To the orthodox, metadox and paradox Jews, the polydox are a welcome new strain.

*Neil Bruce Holbert  
Searsdale, N.Y.*

I was reminded of the observation that the attempt to have a religion that is no religion in particular is like trying to speak a language that is no language in particular. Polydoxy is warmed-over Deism.

*Patricia Lyons Basu  
Elizabeth City, S.C.*

Judaism is not only a religion but a way of life—a way of life that is hard to live because it makes you different from everyone surrounding you. The people submitting to polydoxy are admitting defeat. They are saying: "It's too hard to be Jewish, and we can't hack it."

*Cindy Feinstein  
Portland, Ore.*

### Good Investment?

In "Gutenberg Sale" [March 13] you state that these famous Bibles are usually thought to be a splendid investment. But are they?

You say that one would have cost about \$1,000 in 1454 and possibly could be sold for \$1 million today. That appreciation corresponds to only 1.3% per year at compound interest over the period, which does not make it sound like a great investment.

*Gilbert N. Plass  
College Station, Texas*

### The Survivors

As a stained-glass artist, I applaud the bravery of TIME's writers who in the article "Stained Glass, Back and Booming" [March 13] tiptoed through the broken glass of standardized, commercialized designs to recognize several of the handful of American artists who survived the lean years and are preserving the integrity of stained-glass art.

*Martha B. Sollberger  
Mandeville, La.*

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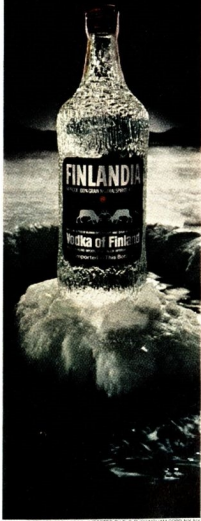
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*Brother Timothy F.S.C.*  
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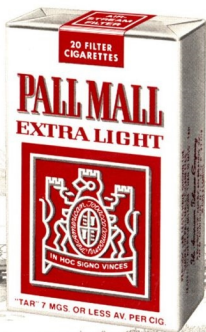
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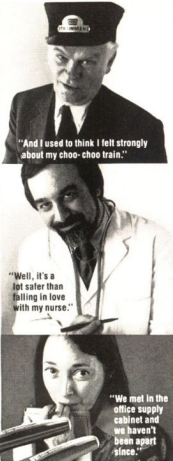
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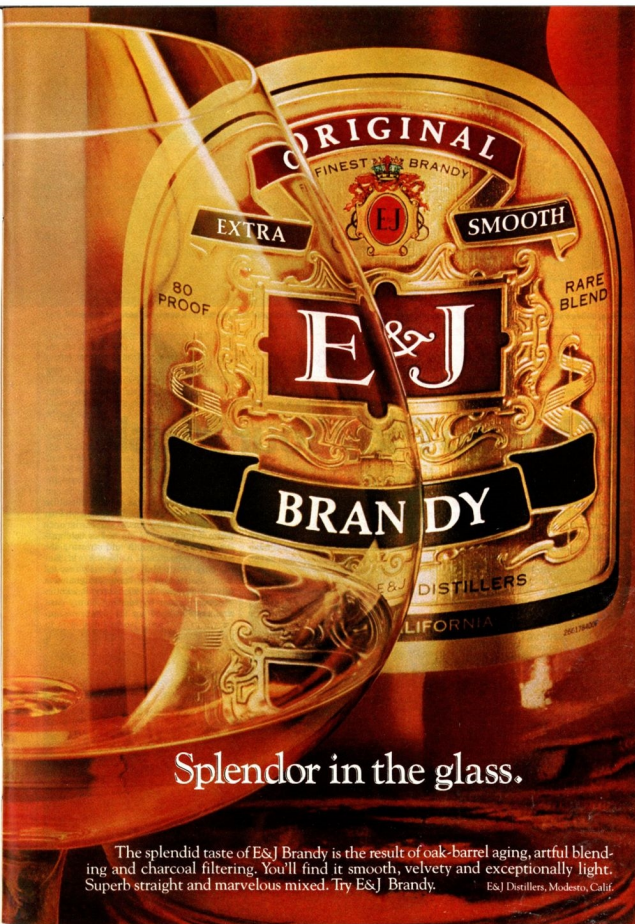
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Vacationing college students crowd beach at Fort Lauderdale



Oregon Farmer Charlie Jensen still uses horses to plow his fields

## Nation

TIME/APR. 10, 1978

# A Time to Play Your Music

*Inflation threatens and taxes are due, but spring is here*

**S**hakespeare sang of the darling buds of May, Tennyson of a young man's fancy, and Eliot of the mixing of memory and desire. Mary Ann Gaiownik, 32, a waitress at the Pontchartrain Hotel in Detroit, last week offered another description of the season that was sweeping across the nation. "I love it," she said. "You can open the windows of your house, and you can open the windows of your car and play your music as loud as you want. Spring means I don't get depressed and I don't cry."

Spring is, of course, nature's season of liberation, of the Japanese cherry trees bursting into pink blossom along the Tidal Basin and the great Vs of black-headed geese soaring northward toward Canada. But it does not come easily or without risk. Easter brought to Boston a snowfall of 1.3 in., a last dusting on the 85.1 in. that have engulfed the city during the past winter, the worst in 30 years. The day after the seagulls returned to International Falls, Minn., a traditional sign of spring in the coldest town in the lower 48 states, a fierce ice storm hit Chicago. Huge shards fell from the Hancock Center and Sears Tower onto the streets below, and electric lines gave way in downstate Illinois, leaving nearly a million people without power.

Spring is the season of floods too, and in Mott, N. Dak., the Cannonball River

was running through the southern end of Main Street last week, and 92 families had to be evacuated. On the Pacific Coast, the hills around San Francisco are green for the first time in three years, but the Pacific Coast Highway was narrowed to two lanes for long stretches because of the mud slides. In Los Angeles, many overflowing drainage systems sent rivulets flowing down apartment corridors.

Apart from the weather, spring is a

state of mind, one that expresses itself in rituals of celebration. The beach at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., for example, is once again a jungle of young bodies celebrating each other's youth and strewing the sands with beer cans. At New York's Radio City Music Hall, temporarily rescued from destruction by being designated a city landmark, the legendary Rockettes observed Easter by wearing bunny ears, and crowds lined up for what was an-



Jazz musicians enliven New Orleans with jam session in French Quarter

*Floods in North Dakota, green hills in San Francisco, geese going north.*





**U.S. Marines jog along the Canal Tow Path in Washington D.C.**

nounced as the last show in the 45-year-old art deco theater. In New Orleans, this is the week of the jazz festival, the biggest in the country. Both Dixieland and progressive sounds emanate all day and night from the fairgrounds, the French Quarter and from riverboats cruising the Mississippi.

The sun changes the names of the games. The hockey season is melting into the Stanley Cup play-offs, and the news from Florida is that the Kansas City Royals have a hot rookie named Clint Hurdle, and the Red Sox's aging Luis Tiant has an ailing finger. This week politicians will be appearing at a variety of stadiums to fling out the first balls of the season. Down in Texas, meanwhile, the hard-hitting rightfielder of Houston's Wheatley High returned to action last week after a federal court ruled that Linda Williams, 18, could no longer be banned from the team just because she is female.

On playing fields all over the U.S., in fact, the Title IX ban on sexual discrimination in schools has brought regiments of girls into competitions they rarely attempted a few years ago. The basic spring sport this year, though, and one particularly favored by women, is simple running. Hardly a city park or suburban road is without its sweatsuited joggers bounding along in pursuit of fitness. Last week several thousand joined in New York's first annual 10-km race, and at least 5,000 are preparing to run in the Boston Marathon later this month.

Other spring rituals are more grave. It is planting time, and though a group of farmers in Springfield, Colo., ploughed under their winter wheat crop last week in order to protest the low prices they were getting, thousands more turned out to break ground for new crops. A few still drove the family horses across the fields, as their fathers had before them, but the more common sight on the prairie was the giant smoke-puffing multirow plough, its operator in his glassed-in cabin whil-

ing away the time by listening to Dolly Parton on his stereo.

Perhaps the most awesome of all spring rituals is that of Form 1040. What medieval rulers extracted by torture, millions of Americans give up voluntarily. They not only pay federal income taxes averaging \$2,020—the equivalent of everything they earn between Jan. 1 and Feb. 20—but they spend hours assembling the necessary forms: W-2, Schedule C, Form 1099. They compute their medical bills (more than 3% of adjusted gross income) and their stock dividends (minus \$200 for joint returns) and their donations to societies for the preservation of cats. Last week an enterprising reporter in New York took a reasonably typical case history to six different offices that advertised their skill in filling out tax forms.

All six, including two branches of the Internal Revenue Service, filled out the forms incorrectly. The charges for services rendered ranged as high as \$75.

After the federal income taxes are paid, the local authorities want their share. James Nelson, a lithographer in Topanga, Calif., paid \$600 in property taxes last year and now confronts a bill for \$1,778. "The thing that's bugging us," he says simply, "is not having enough money." Many Americans feel the same way every time they go to the supermarket, and their suspicions were confirmed last week by the Department of Labor. Beef prices climbed 4.1% during February, and meat prices generally helped send food prices up 1.2%. The overall cost of living climbed another .6% for the month. Unless something is done, that will work out to an annual inflation rate of 7.4%, the highest since 1975.

**S**uch figures are disturbing. "Economic issues are constantly on people's minds because they get them where it hurts," Atlanta Poll Taker Claiborne Darden observed last week. But others saw such concerns temporarily overcome by a spring sense of well-being. Boston Pollster Rob Duboff was asked what issues really worry people these days. His answer: "Nothing much." It is, after all, a time of great prosperity, and the vast majority of Americans are living well and enjoying it highly. There are problems and discontents, of course, but in April they somehow seem soluble. Mike Martin is a bus driver from San Rafael, Calif., and his wife Alice works part time as a bank teller. When asked her ambitions at this season, she said, "I just want to redo everything in the house." In spring, that is a laudable ambition—and one, at least, that probably can be attained by fall. ■



**Rockettes draw large Easter crowds in New York's threatened Radio City**

*After a rugged winter, a sense of well-being prevails.*



Venezuela's President Carlos Andrés Pérez and U.S. President Jimmy Carter acknowledging cheers in Caracas

## Whirling Through the Third World

*Carter scores a few points on his trip abroad*

As Jimmy Carter set out aboard Air Force One for Caracas last week, aides passed out a two-page memo to the 170 reporters who accompanied him aboard two chartered planes. Entitled "Health Advisory for Presidential Trip," the document warned them about dread diseases, from dysentery to yellow fever, that they might encounter on the seven-day, 15,000-mile journey to four countries. The statement also cautioned them about "treacherous, steep drop-offs" on the road between Caracas and the airport, the undertow off Rio de Janeiro's beaches, bad drinking water in Nigeria and poisonous mamba snakes in Liberia.

The catalogue of horrors provided a bit of drama for what was surely one of the least exciting presidential trips abroad in memory. In fact, according to senior aides, Carter would have preferred to stay home but for his promise last year to visit South America and Africa. Said an assistant: "The word we got from Brazil was that they would feel insulted if we canceled the trip."

Nonetheless, when Carter, Wife Rosalynn and Daughter Amy head back to Washington early this week, the presidential party can point to some modest returns from the journey. It gave the President an opportunity to restate his concern about human rights overseas, dramatize his interest in developing nations and bask in the warm cheers of friendly foreign crowds.

At Caracas, Carter delighted an au-



The Carters in Rio de Janeiro  
*He smoothed over the differences.*



Dining with Brazilian President Geisel

dience of several hundred at the airport with a short speech in halting Spanish. Venezuelans said his accent was terrible, but his grammar was good and his meaning was clear. "Viva Venezuela," he declared in winding up his remarks.

For the most part, Carter and his host, President Carlos Andrés Pérez, smoothed over their differences. But at the airport, and during private talks at the presidential residence, surrounded by orchids, roses and tamarind trees, Pérez made a pitch for speedy Senate passage of the Panama Canal treaty. He warned that "each word pronounced" in the rancorous debate in the U.S. over the treaty "will have a very deep impact on Latin America." During dinner that night, Pérez, who heads one of South America's two democracies (the other: Colombia), praised Carter's support of nuclear nonproliferation

## Nation

and human rights. But he also pressed for U.S. actions to match Carter's words.

Pérez is especially worried about the regime of Nicaraguan Strongman Anastasio Somoza Debayle, who is using torture to combat leftist guerrillas. Pérez has proposed an economic boycott against Somoza. According to a U.S. official, Carter told Pérez the U.S. is "not going to take actions that are going to get us in a position of bringing about the downfall of a leader of a country." But Carter did call for an investigation of the situation in Nicaragua by the United Nations or the Organization of American States.

Next day, in a speech to the Venezuelan congress, Carter reaffirmed his belief that developing countries should have a bigger role in the making of international economic policies. He pledged increased U.S. contributions (now \$1.9 billion a year) to international development agencies like the World Bank. But he noted that Venezuela and other members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries "have a responsibility to use their surplus wealth to meet the needs of the world's people."

**C**arter tried to downplay differences on arriving at his next stop, Brasília, the futuristic capital of Brazil. Its ruling generals angrily canceled military and foreign aid agreements with the U.S. last year after the Administration criticized the country's record on human rights. Also, Brazil resents U.S. opposition to its plans to buy nuclear reactors from West Germany. At the airport, Carter set an upbeat tone for his visit by describing Brazil: the world's seventh most populous nation, as a "truly great power." In a cool but polite welcoming statement, Brazilian President Ernesto Geisel hoped that Carter would take away "a fair opinion on the Brazilian reality."

During private talks in the gold-carpeted presidential office in Brasília's Planalto Palace, both leaders touched only briefly on the issues that divide them. Carter urged Brazilians to consider fueling their nuclear reactors with thorium rather than uranium. Reason: uranium-fueled reactors produce more plutonium than can readily be used in nuclear weapons than thorium-fueled reactors would produce. But Geisel seemed unpersuaded, and Carter did not press the matter. "What would it accomplish?" asked a top White House aide. "Neither side is going to change, so we might as well spend our time discussing things of mutual interest." Thus discussions centered on economic relations and prospects for peace in the Middle East and in southern Africa.

In public, however, Carter strongly reaffirmed his commitment to human rights. Asked by a local newsmen to comment on the Brazilian government's insistence that human rights are an internal matter, Carter said at a Brasília press conference: "We believe this is an international problem, that the focusing of



Being welcomed by Nigeria's Obasanjo

*A meeting with a mediator.*

world attention and world pressure on us and other countries is a very beneficial factor." But he ducked when a Brazilian newsmen asked his opinion of Brazil's system of selecting national leaders by party congresses rather than popular elections. Said he: "I'm not here to tell you how to form your government."

Later the members of Brazil's National Congress (which Geisel had closed for two weeks in 1977) applauded Carter after he made another endorsement of human rights. Federal Deputy Erasmo



Handshake for Lagos folk dancer on stilts

*Also, a chorus line and Sinatra records.*

Martins Pedro, leader of the opposition Brazilian Democratic Movement, hailed Carter's views as "a response to the most profound demands of ethical consciousness and not of political conveniences dictated by the international situation."

At the end of the visit, White House Press Secretary Jody Powell told newsmen that Carter and his fellow travelers, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, thought relations between the U.S. and Brazil had been improved. The Carters wound up their stay with a night of relaxation in Rio de Janeiro. As the guests of Rio's mayor, Marcos Tamayo, they dined and danced aboard a yacht in the harbor to Frank Sinatra records. Later, after Amy had gone to bed, the President and his wife made an unscheduled stop at a nightclub in the Hotel Nacional, where a chorus line and jugglers put on a special performance for them.

**N**ext day Carter boarded Air Force One for the seven-hour flight across the Atlantic to Lagos, where he became the first U.S. President ever to make a state visit to black Africa. Despite the 10 p.m. arrival, his motorcade was greeted by a few thousand clapping Nigerians. After a night's sleep, he talked privately with Nigerian Chief of State Lieut. General Olusegun Obasanjo about oil prices (Nigeria supplies the U.S. annually with some 400 million bbl. of oil). The two leaders also discussed the presence of Cuban troops in Ethiopia and Mozambique, and the situation in Rhodesia, where black guerrillas have threatened increased violence in their bid for power. Carter views Nigeria as a key mediator in that conflict, as well as in the one in Namibia.

Indeed, one of Carter's major themes in Nigeria was his belief that black Africans should be allowed to settle their own problems, without the interference of outsiders who might turn the continent into an East-West battleground. "We know that this continent will enjoy the liberation that can come to those who put racial divisions and injustice behind them," said Carter in a speech at the National Theater in Lagos. Added he: "On that day, blacks and whites alike will be able to say, in the words of a man from my own state, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., 'Free at last! Free at last! Great God Almighty, we are free at last.'"

On Monday, Carter was to head for Monrovia, Liberia's capital, for the final stop of his trip. Over lunch, he and Liberian President William Tolbert Jr. planned to talk about the West African economy, U.S. investments in the country and the prospects for increased financial aid from the U.S. Then, at precisely 4:15 p.m., Carter was to begin the long flight across the Atlantic, back to Washington and the pressing domestic problems—led by a surging inflation rate—that he had left behind seven days earlier.



# Diplomatic Dissonances

*Top officials disagree on how to deal with the Kremlin*

Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, 61, and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, 50,\* came into office good friends and close colleagues—and they were determined to remain so. They have stepped in to quell attempts by their underlings to pick fights between the State Department and the National Security Council. The two men have roughly equal access to the President: Brzezinski briefs him early every morning, while Vance's last official act of the day is usually to prepare a confidential memo on late developments for Carter's bedtime reading. But Vance and Brzezinski have had their differences on matters of policy, notably on the question of how the U.S. should deal with the Soviet Union. They still do differ, reports TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott, perhaps now more than ever.

Vance is worried that détente between Moscow and Washington has been strained to the breaking point. He has warned President Carter that the dialogue between the superpowers is deteriorating into mutual recriminations. What the relationship needs now, Vance believes, is more cool-headed diplomacy and less scolding rhetoric. Brzezinski, by contrast, favors a more competitive approach. He feels that the Soviets are acting and talking tough and that Washington should respond in kind.

\*Both men last week celebrated their birthdays with in a day of each other while on a tour of Latin America and Africa with President Carter.

The difference of opinion is not surprising, given the two men's personalities and backgrounds. Vance is a low-key lawyer who has always been most comfortable—and most effective—working quietly behind the scenes. The Polish-born Brzezinski was a pyrotechnic lecturer at Harvard and Columbia and is still a sharp-tongued debater.

But their disagreement concerns the substance as well as the tone of U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union, particularly with regard to two specific issues:

► **SALT:** Vance believes that the most urgent priority in American foreign policy is to conclude a new strategic arms limitation treaty with Russia, to slow down the arms race and improve U.S. security. He is anxious not to let the growing domestic controversy over SALT influence the Administration's position in the negotiations. He believes that U.S. public statements on SALT should not foreclose further compromises on both sides. Brzezinski, on the other hand, has been saying that the U.S. has given all it can, and that further movement is up to the Russians. While Brzezinski supports the prospective SALT treaty, he has warned the Russians that the treaty could become a casualty of anti-Soviet domestic political sentiment.

► **China:** Vance and Brzezinski are both committed to the eventual normalization of relations between the U.S. and China, but they disagree over how that card should be played. Vance is sensitive to So-

viet paranoia about Sino-American "encirclement" and not eager to exacerbate the Kremlin's fears at this time. Brzezinski sees the Peking connection as an opportunity to keep the Russians off balance. Partly for this reason, he is hoping to visit Peking later this year.

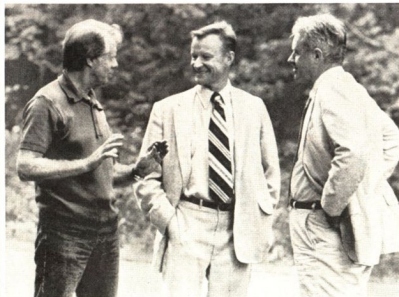
Somewhat to the embarrassment of both men, the Vance-Brzezinski disagreement has broken into the open. On SALT, the Horn of Africa, and the European security conference in Belgrade, the statements coming out of the National Security Council have been so much tougher than those from the State Department that Brzezinski and Vance seem almost to be contradicting each other.

**A**t Wake Forest University last month, in a speech that Brzezinski helped write, Carter criticized Soviet military policies and threatened to order a new U.S. defense buildup. Tass, the official Soviet news agency, denounced the speech as missile-rattling. Last week some Vance aides were urging the Secretary to "balance" Carter's hard-line Wake Forest speech with an appeal for arms control and a reaffirmation of détente. While on the trip to Latin America and Africa with the President, Vance reviewed the draft of an arms-control speech he may deliver to the American Society of Newspaper Editors on April 10. Vance plans to meet with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Moscow at the end of April to try to break the SALT deadlock.

Vance's right-hand Kremlinologist, Marshall Shulman, is a leading proponent of what another high State Department official describes as a "more carefully calibrated and modulated Soviet policy than Brzezinski seems to be advocating these days." Shulman, 61, is no stranger to collegial debates with Brzezinski. The two men have known each other for 25 years. They taught together at Harvard and Columbia, were both directors of the New York-based Council on Foreign Relations, and consult with each other as often as a dozen times a week.

"Zbig has a probing mind and a gift for synthesis with a touch of provocation that enlivens any discussion," says Shulman. "There have sometimes been differences of emphasis between us but never anything *ad hominem*. Besides, I think it's a good and healthy thing for the Administration to have within it some give and take around a range of views."

An honest disagreement between the Secretary of State and the National Security Adviser would indeed be healthy if it guaranteed a wide array of options from which a decisive President could choose. But Carter has to date failed to find his own voice. Only last week, in a lengthy critique of U.S. policy in *Pravda*, the Kremlin's chief America-watcher, Georgi Arbatov, concluded: "Washington has entered a period of vacillation." That is a view that neither Vance nor Brzezinski wants to encourage. ■



The President with top Foreign Affairs Officials Brzezinski and Vance at Camp David  
*Does détente need support or is tough talk necessary?*

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# The Ostracism of Bert Lance

*The White House asks him to fade away*

**B**ert Lance was still fuming last week about the confiscation of Diplomatic Passport X-000065, that official piece of paper certifying to any doubter anywhere that, while he might be out of Government, he still carried clout as Jimmy Carter's good Georgia buddy. "I don't care about the damn passport," Lance told a friend in Atlanta. "But what a lousy way to handle it. They didn't even have the guts to tell me in person." He had, in fact, merely been informed by a bureaucratic letter that his passport had been "audited" and must be returned to the White House.

The former director of the Office of Management and Budget was hurt and angry when he was summoned shortly afterward to the White House by Hamilton Jordan, the President's special assistant and another of Lance's Georgia cronies. This time the White House confronted him directly with an unpleasant reality. Jordan suggested gently—but clearly—to Lance that he must keep as much distance as possible between himself and the President. Though there was no evidence that Carter had ordered Jordan's move, it seemed unlikely that he was unaware of it.

The sometimes stormy and often sorrowful confrontation in Jordan's corner office lasted for more than an hour. Jordan told Lance that he was embarrassing Carter, even endangering his presidency, and that he must get his muddled financial affairs in order. Lance was alternately indignant and deflated, sometimes loud in his anger. He insisted that Jordan's criticism was unjustified and unfair.

On returning to Atlanta, Lance was depressed and bitter. His best friends were deserting him, he complained to one intimate: "Can you imagine standing in Hamilton Jordan's office and being told I'm embarrassing the President—after what's happened to him?" Lance's biting allusion referred to the recent episodes in which gossip reporters have portrayed Jordan as publicly insulting women.

Jordan's move seemed to be based on two White House fears: 1) that Lance might be indicted for his activities as a Georgia country banker before he joined the Carter Administration; 2) that the revelations of his recent dealings with Arab investors could mean that they were trying to buy influence.

Of the two problems, the criminal investigation into Lance's loose banking practices is the most threatening to him. The investigation, which mostly involves charges that have been aired in the press and looked into by a Senate committee, is being directed by a trio of lawyers within the Justice Department, named by Attorney General Griffin Bell last Novem-

ber in 1975 to Billy Lee Campbell, a former officer of the Calhoun Bank, who was convicted of embezzling funds from that institution. One question is whether Lance was aware of thefts at the time of the N.B.G. loan and was trying to help Campbell. Lance's statements in various loan applications of his own, particularly for a \$2.6 million loan from New York's Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co., also are under scrutiny. Whether he actually had the collateral he claimed is at issue. To make any false statement in a loan application is a violation of federal law.

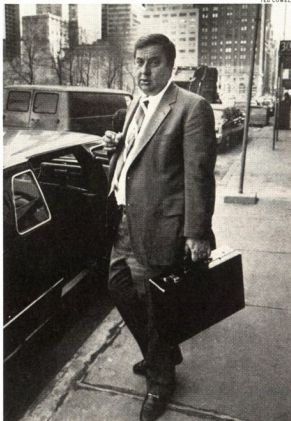
Yet it is Lance's continued dealings with a number of apparently interlocked Arab money men that may be the cause of the greatest concern in the White House. While there is no evidence that these dealings began while Lance was still at OMB, they clearly were under way shortly after he left office—and Lance seems to have shown a complete disregard for how such dealings might be interpreted.

**T**hese murky maneuverings apparently began as Lance left OMB last September. He was looking around for a way to sell his 200,000-odd shares in N.B.G. and thus begin paying off huge personal debts that totaled roughly \$5.3 million. A fellow Georgian, R. Eugene Holley, former head of the Georgia state senate's banking committee and a dealer in oil ventures, put Lance's representatives in touch with Agha Hassan Abedi, a banker who is described as "a genius" and "a miracle man" by colleagues in Pakistan. Abedi helped found the Karachi-based United Bank of Pakistan in the late 1960s. The bank prospered sensationally, becoming the third largest in Pakistan and making Abedi a millionaire.

When all banks in Pakistan were nationalized by Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in 1974, Abedi refused to stay on as a civil servant. Instead, he expanded his banking activities

into the Middle East, developing close relations with Sheikh Zayed bin Sultan al-Nahayan, President of the United Arab Emirates. Abedi also became an important financial adviser to Saudi Arabian Financier Ghaith Pharoan. He, in turn, was part of an inner circle in Saudi Arabia that included Kamal Adham, longtime top security counselor to Saudi Kings.

At the time Lance met him, Abedi had become head of London's fastest growing bank, the Bank of Credit & Commerce International. Founded by Abedi, B.C.C.I. was backed by private Arab investors and the Bank of America. The in-



The former OMB director on a quick trip to Manhattan last week. Distressed and bitter about some best friends deserting him.

ber. The lawyers and their aides have presented some evidence in the glacially slow-moving investigation to a grand jury in Atlanta, since that is the area in which any law violation would have occurred.

The investigation apparently centers on Lance's stewardship of the Calhoun First National Bank, of which he was president from 1963 to 1974. The federal investigators are trying to determine whether Lance's lavish grants of overdraft privileges to relatives and bank officers amounted to a misapplication of funds. Presumably being studied as well is Lance's approval of a \$250,000 loan when he headed the National Bank of Georgia

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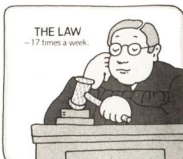
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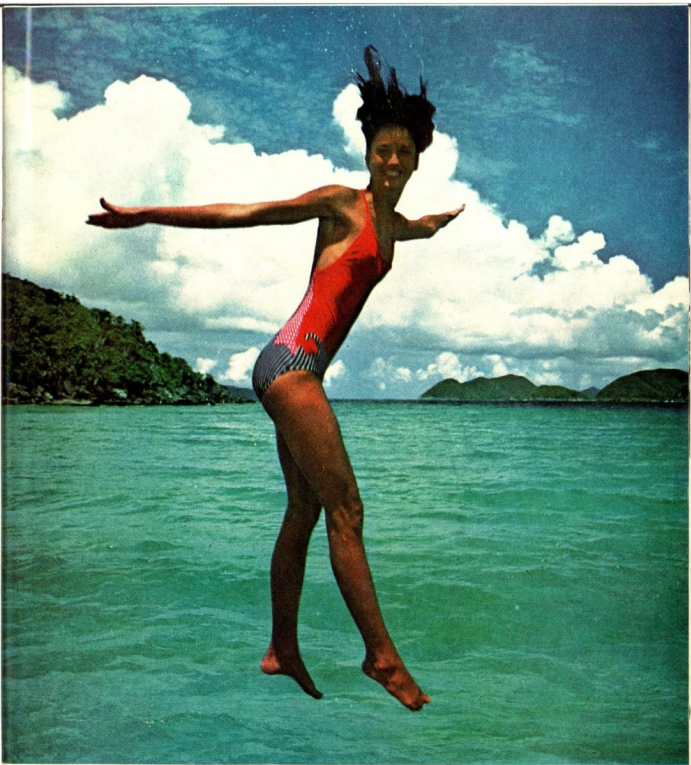
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## Nation

vestors included members of the ruling families of Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates.

Although the precise sequence is not clear, Lance soon became involved with Abedi's associates at B.C.C.I. in an attempt to take over Financial General Bankshares Inc., which controls 15 banks in Washington, D.C., and four states. The Securities and Exchange Commission charged Lance and the others with trying to buy controlling interest without filing required public reports. Lance, with his associates, signed a consent order agreeing not to buy any more shares without full disclosure.

While Lance was involved in this dubious deal, he got some astounding help from his new Arab friends. First, Abedi helped arrange a deal whereby the former Pakistani banker's Saudi Arabian friend, Pharaon, agreed to buy 60% of Lance's stock in the National Bank of Georgia. Pharaon's offered price was \$20 a share—some \$4 above the prevailing market price at the time. Then in a transaction that is still mysterious, Abedi arranged for a most generous loan to Lance through B.C.C.I. It apparently was for \$3.5 million, enough to pay off an outstanding Lance loan from the First National Bank of Chicago. So far, Lance has not produced any documents setting out the terms of the loan, which was not backed by any collateral and contained no schedule for repayment. In London last week, Abedi said it would be "unethical" to discuss whether and why Lance had received a large loan. But he told Time that his group decided to retain Lance as an investment adviser solely for his financial savvy and familiarity with investment opportunities in the U.S. "We made it clear," insists Abedi, "that we would never talk about exploiting his relationship with the President."

As Lance continued to create controversy, his wife LaBelle appeared on NBC's *Today* show to plug a book she has written about their troubles, *This Too Shall Pass*. Ever loyal, she defended Bert's machinations with Arab investors as helping to reduce the nation's trade deficit. Said LaBelle: "It's a good way for us to bring some of our money home again." ■

## Frontier Justice

*Or, playing for high stakes*

**T**he code of the West lives. Bill Berry, an electrician, and James Schwebach, a farmer, ran for the same city council seat in Moriarty, N. Mex. (pop. 1,300), last month. They tied, with 99 votes each. Rather than stage an expensive runoff, the pair agreed to settle the matter last week with a hand of five-card stud poker. State District Judge Edmund Kase III shuffled and dealt. Schwebach's hand was king high. Berry drew a pair of nines. City Councilman Berry it was. ■



The witness in Washington

## Park Goes Public

*Korean faces TV grilling*

**E**ver since he returned to Washington a month ago, Tongsun Park has kept a low profile. He has been spending most days testifying in secret before the House and Senate ethics committees about his activities during the late 1960s and early '70s as South Korea's celebrated influence buyer in Washington. Because his testimony strikes dread into the hearts of many Washingtonians, most of his old acquaintances, whom he used to wine and dine so lavishly, now shun him. He lives in a rented house, his two Washington mansions seized by the IRS for unpaid taxes. Aside from the federal marshals who act as his bodyguards, his main companion is Tandy Dickinson, a blonde divorcee who in happier times played the role of hostess at his parties. They have been seen dining together at the Palm Restaurant, and were spotted standing in line for a movie.

This week Park is stepping back into the limelight. Barring a last-minute change in plans, the dapper Korean is testifying before an open session of the House ethics committee, and the entire proceedings, expected to last three days, will be televised nationwide. His testimony gives the U.S. public its first full look into the Korean bribery scandal, which began to break open a year and a half ago. Says

one congressional investigator who has heard Park's testimony: "It's a very sordid picture."

Under questioning by the committee's special counsel, Leon Jaworski of Watergate fame, Park is expected to disclose the names of 31 Congressmen, who he claims took \$750,000 in payoffs in return for their support of continued U.S. economic and military aid to South Korea and of his own position as an international rice broker.

**T**he two biggest congressional recipients of Park's payoffs are already in legal trouble. Former Louisiana Democratic Representative Otto Passman, who Park claims took a grand total of \$250,000 in cash, was indicted last week for bribery and conspiracy. Former California Democratic Representative Richard Hanna, who allegedly received \$200,000, has already pleaded guilty to fraud charges. Other former Democratic Congressmen on the list include New Jersey's Cornelius Gallagher, who supposedly accepted about \$40,000, and Louisiana's Edwin Edwards, now Governor, who has admitted to receiving \$20,000. Other payments made by Park were smaller and often described as "campaign donations," like the \$4,650 to House Majority Whip John Brademas and the \$300 given to Mo Udall of Arizona.

Speaker Tip O'Neill has admitted twice receiving presents at birthday parties given for him at the George Town Club, which Park founded as a place to court the influential. The most prominent Republican Congressman on Park's list was onetime Ohio Representative William Minshall, but, among other Republicans, former Vice President Spiro Agnew had Middle East oil business dealings with Park after he left office in 1973, and former Nixon Aide Bill Timmons received a \$60,000 fee from Park for public relations work.

Many on the list will face no penalty. In most cases, the five-year statute of limitations on felonies has expired, and only 14 of the 31 Congressmen named by Park remain members of the House. Still, the scandal may finally force the reluctant House to decide upon effective procedures for punishing unethical conduct in the future.

For his part, Park also remains a free man, and he hopes to go back to Korea later this week. He returned to the U.S. only after protracted negotiations that included two personal—and highly persuasive—messages from President Carter to South Korean President Park Chung Hee, and he was granted immunity from prosecution on the 36 counts (mail fraud, bribery, illegal campaign gifts) that were handed down against him last September. Only if he were caught lying in his present testimony could Park be held and tried in the U.S. That alone should be enough to make him tell the truth. ■

## Nation

### The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

## Black Holes and Martian Valleys

Jimmy Carter's memos sometimes have the margins crowded with his slide-rule jottings and formulas of physical phenomena. He has pondered what his responsibilities might be in case communication with beings beyond our galaxy can be established. He will soon launch a deep study of American innovation. Question: Can this nation continue to think and invent its way to pre-eminence? We have slipped in the past few years, but not yet fatally.

Carter has seized one or two of the few odd moments of presidential quietude he has to put his eye to his family's reflecting telescope and search out the Ring Nebula in the constellation Lyra. He has asked his Secretary of Transportation, Brock Adams, to advise the engineers who design our mass-transit systems to simplify them so they are more functional. He has mulled the reasons why the huge power turbines lose reliability as they grow in size, and how thinking smaller may be one way to energy conservation.

Jimmy Carter is the closest thing to a scientist we have had in the White House since Thomas Jefferson. It may yet prove to be both a strength and a handicap. He moves with ease in the world where there are immutable laws of action and response, where figures line up and yield answers without argument, without any need for cajolery and bourbon. Much of his trouble in the mystical arena of political leadership arises when he tries to apply these bloodless principles to human power and pride.

One notable result of Carter's scientific bent: the budget for basic research has gone up 11% to begin the absolutely crucial journey back to full respectability in scientific knowledge. Both Nixon and Johnson not only distrusted eggheads in the scientific world but also cut their influence and money. Maybe



Caltech model of a black hole in space  
Eyes bright with the sense of adventure.

part of the problem was the ineptitude of these two in the world of machines. Nixon could not run a tape recorder. Johnson could not fully figure out his alarm wristwatch and once had to halt his automobile to solve the problem of turning on the windshield squitter.

Not Jimmy. "Frank," he intoned one morning at a senior staff meeting, "did you see the article on black holes? What do you think?" Science Adviser Frank Press, a brilliant geophysicist from M.I.T., confessed he could not fully digest the *New York Times* that early. The article had reported about new data gathered by one of our space probes. Well, said Carter, be sure and let him know. He was fascinated by the discussion of black holes and the speculation that they might provide answers to what holds the universe together.

A while later, Astronomer Carl Sagan (*The Dragons of Eden*) found himself lugging his slide box into the Vice President's big new house and, after coffee, taking the Mondale and Carter families on a journey through the heavens. Carter asked most of the questions, his eyes bright with the sense of adventure, urging that any new missions to Mars seek out mountains and valleys and old volcanoes instead of staying on the more level or gently rolling surfaces.

Another visitor, Amory B. Lovins (*Soft Energy Paths*), found that Carter had almost memorized charts and passages from his book, which tells how to use the sun and natural biological processes for energy. "We were talking the same language," said Lovins.

The new money will soon enlarge our research in fields ranging from the accumulation of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere to the development of human fetuses. Some day this foresight could save us all. Remember that Franklin Roosevelt back in 1939 read a letter from the little man with the funny hair and began the atomic bomb. And one afternoon shortly before the Bay of Pigs in 1961, John Kennedy brushed aside the warnings that a moon shot was a multibillion-dollar, decade-long gamble that might fail. Such decisions dwarf the squabbles of politicians.

## Shaddy Dealings

Crime does pay—sort of

When Gregory Shaddy was 18, he left his parents' home in the wealthy Westside section of Wichita, Kans. He had good reason: his father, Vernon, 42, an insurance salesman, often beat Gregory with belts, garden hoses and golf clubs. His mother, Barbara, 37, was also strict and harsh. Some two months after his departure, on the night of July 24, 1975, Gregory returned home—with a knife and an ax. He killed his parents and stuffed their bodies into their bedroom closet. Last week Shaddy was a free man. And soon, maybe, a richer man. Gregory and his brother, Scott, will split their parents' estate, which is estimated to be upwards of \$400,000.

How did Shaddy, who confessed to the murders, manage to escape punishment? After his first trial ended in a hung jury (deadlocked 10 to 2 for conviction), he was acquitted at his second trial on the grounds of insanity. Under Kansas law, a person acquitted of murder on psychiatric grounds is sent to the state security hospital at Larned until he has been pronounced cured. When hospital officials proposed to free Shaddy last June, a hearing was held; and a psychiatrist, psychologist and social worker testified that Shaddy was cured of any insanity and was not dangerous to anyone. Remarked Clinical Director George W. Getz: "I really don't know whether he was originally insane; but it doesn't matter. The jury found that he was, and he was assigned to us. I really feel sorry for juries because of all the damn fool things psychiatrists say."

At the June hearing, Shaddy was ordered to stay in the hospital, but a follow-up hearing last week released him. The police and prosecutors are angry. Says Wichita D.A. Vern Miller: "People wonder whether there is something wrong with the System. Most of the police on the case say he never was insane." Added Deputy Police Chief Bill Cornwell: "Part of our problem was that evidence procedures today are such that you are unable to say the things that you want to a jury." The prosecution's view remains the same: that Shaddy hoodwinked the psychiatrists as well as the jury.

As for the inheritance, which was cited as a possible motive for the murders, there is no way to stop Shaddy from getting his share since he was not convicted of a felony. But Shaddy probably will not get to keep much of his new wealth. His legal fees are running more than \$60,000, and there are doctors' bills and sizable payments to be made for the several court proceedings since his two trials. There will be just about enough left for him to attend Washburn University in Topeka to study political science.

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## Nation

### A Boy Mayor Has Problems

*Cleveland's top executive may be headed for early retirement*

**A**t 31, Cleveland's Dennis Kucinich is the youngest mayor of any big American city. Aggressive, bright and ambitious, he seemed likely to make good on his campaign promise to shake up city hall and provide more efficient government when he took office last November. Since then, Kucinich has indeed shaken up Cleveland. But, for the most part, the results have bordered on the disastrous. Last week, after he fired popular Police Chief Richard Hongisto, citizen groups began a recall movement that may send Kucinich into early retirement.

Despite his youth and choirboy looks, the 5-ft. 6-in. Kucinich (pronounced Koo-

triloquist's dummy in his baronial office to entertain visiting schoolchildren. Kucinich has a large collection of comic books and has seen *Star Wars* six times. He is a master at manipulating the media. On the night that he edged out the official Democratic candidate for mayor by only 2,900 votes of the 180,000 cast, Kucinich was in the newsroom of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, where he once worked as a copyboy. While photographers clicked their cameras, he sent the edited story of his victory by pneumatic tube to the composing room.

After becoming mayor, Kucinich charged about the city, barking orders and firing anyone who he thought was not doing his job correctly. When blizzards closed Cleveland's airport, Kucinich sacked the airport director and supervised the snow removal himself.

He soon appointed to high city offices some 40 zealous followers, about half of whom are younger than he is. They share his distrust and disdain for bureaucrats, but some of them are inexperienced. Director of Finance Joseph Tegreene, for example, is a 24-year-old political science graduate of Kenyon College who worked as a stockbroker for eight months; No. 2 slot in the department of Public Safety is held by Tonia Grdina, a 21-year-old undergraduate at Cleveland State University. The Kucinich appointees quickly became known as the City Hall Raiders. To their credit, the Raiders rooted out hundreds of unproductive bureaucrats, mostly middle managers. But many Clevelanders complain that some of the Raiders have proved to be ruthless and arrogant. Concedes Kucinich: "The criticism has some merit as it relates to the bureaucracy, but we treat the general public with respect."

**W**hen it comes to economic issues, Kucinich is a real Raider himself. He cut the city's budget by \$2.5 million, to a total of \$129 million for this year. He upset the city's business community by rejecting a \$41 million federal grant to build an elevated monorail that would carry people about the central city. For his part, Kucinich wants \$1.5 billion in federal funds to be spent for new sewers in working-class neighborhoods. He also opposes as "rip-offs" the city's practice of offering tax abatements to businesses locating in distressed areas. One consequence: Cleveland (pop. 660,000) will probably continue to lose manufacturing jobs—65,000 since 1969—and population at a faster rate than any other major U.S. city. Kucinich's views have led to fights with the city council, which so far has overruled him on 13 issues.

Kucinich's worst mistake probably

was tangling with Chief Hongisto, whom he hired last December over the misgivings of Cleveland's conservative, 2,000-man police force. Hongisto, a liberal and former San Francisco county sheriff, is a staunch defender of gay rights and won national fame last year by going to jail rather than enforce a court order to evict elderly residents from a hotel. Hongisto quickly won the respect of his force by personally patrolling Cleveland's streets, making arrests and enlisting support for the police from citizens' groups.

As the chief became more popular, the mayor grew increasingly unhappy with him. Finally, Hongisto touched off a public feud by charging that Mayor Kucinich was pressuring him to do "unethical things." Kucinich retaliated by giving the police chief 30 hours in which to prove his charges and then fired Hongisto when he missed the deadline. Two



Mayor Dennis Kucinich with dummy

*The menu never changes.*

sin-itch) is a savvy veteran of Cleveland's bruising ward politics. The son of a truck driver, he grew up on the city's ethnic, working-class West Side (his father is Croatian, his mother Irish). At 23, he won a seat on the city council and six years later was elected clerk of courts, the city's second highest elective office. A maverick Democrat with a strong anti-Establishment bias, he has built his power base among poor and working-class voters. Says he: "They need someone to stand up and fight for them." Once he even invited Cleveland's civic leaders to breakfast with him at Tony's Diner, where he has eaten for years. His usual order: two bowls of Special K with bananas and a steak, which the waitress cuts up for him to save him time.

Witty and energetic, he has great appeal among the young; he keeps a ven-



Ousted Police Chief Richard Hongisto

*The challenge still stands.*

hours later, Hongisto described in detail six abuses, among them an allegation that the mayor had obstructed his efforts to clean up the vice squad. Cried Kucinich: "He's concocting these stories so he can exit as a hero." Hongisto then proposed that he and the mayor take lie-detector tests. Kucinich refused. Said he: "I may be dealing with a fellow who is pathological. His own lie-detector results would not be conclusive."

Kucinich and Hongisto have taken their battle to the public, appearing separately on TV talk shows and granting frequent interviews to reporters. The first wave of mail and phone calls to city hall ran heavily in Hongisto's favor. Indeed, if Kucinich's critics manage to collect the 37,000 signatures required for his recall, Hongisto has hinted that he might run against Kucinich in the new election. ■



# Stacy's Day at the Abortion Clinic

First she has to get by the right-to-life protesters

More than 1 million legal abortions now take place in the U.S. every year—six times as many as in 1970. The fight against this increase has also increased, ranging from congressional oratory to outbreaks of fire bombing in such cities as Omaha, Cleveland and Columbus. In most abortion clinics, though, there is only minor harassment as a steady procession of anxious women arrive to undergo what some doctors call "the procedure." *TIME* Reporter-Researcher Barbara Dolan covered one woman's visit to a Manhattan clinic and filed this report:

Stacy feels nauseated when she wakes up that Saturday morning, but she knows she has to make the trip. The week before, she went to the clinic, but she ran away. "I was just sitting there thinking, 'Should I or shouldn't I?'" she recalls. "But I got scared looking at all those machines."

Now she is going again. "I said to myself, 'I got to go through with it.' But I kept wondering, 'Why me?'"

Stacy is 18, a high school senior in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn. Now she pulls on blue jeans, a sports shirt, and ties her curly hair back with a scarf. She wears a tiny teardrop ring to show that she is engaged, but her fiancé is not making this trip. Stacy and her mother set out on the 45-minute subway ride from their home to the Eastern Women's Center clinic on Manhattan's East 60th Street. They do not speak to each other on the

crowded train. That whole week, for that matter, they have spoken little about the abortion. "I figured she was upset or something and she didn't want to scare me," Stacy says later of her mother.

From the subway they walk three blocks to the concrete high-rise that houses the clinic. A woman is being accosted by two strangers as she enters the building. "Don't kill your baby. Please don't kill your baby," says one of them, Miles Dutton, 43, a burly Long Island cabinet-maker and father of five. The woman brushes past him. "It's not easy work," sighs his companion, Anne Gilmartin, 44. "We're hitting them at a bad time, grabbing them at the last moment." Another woman angrily asks Dutton why he is there. "To save a life," says Dutton, who spends his Saturdays outside one or another of the city's abortion clinics. Sometimes there are scuffles. Several times the police have been called.

As Stacy pushes open the door into the clinic building, Gilmartin presses some pamphlets into her hand. One, with color photographs of discarded fetuses, has big black words: HUMAN GARBAGE. "Did you know this is how big you were when you were only eleven weeks old?" the pamphlet asks. "From then on you breathed [fluid], swallowed, digested and urinated... No new organs began functioning after that. You just grew more mature."

Stacy has seen the pamphlets before. "It didn't seem to bother some women

who sat in the waiting room reading them," she says softly. On the other hand, the pamphlets are "very disturbing" to the clinic's patients, according to Director Barbara Methvin, 39, "but by the time the women come to us they've made up their minds."

In the eighth-floor clinic's waiting room, Stacy can feel the tension. "Most of the women are just like me, scared," she says. There is a quiet murmur as the women—of all outlooks and incomes—huddle with their friends. A young man in blue jeans nervously opens a bag of coffee grounds and, thinking it is instant coffee, tries to brew a cup. His long-haired girlfriend sits motionless near by, her face blank. ABORTION CAN BE LONELY, reads a wall poster. From a loudspeaker comes the Beatles' *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*. At intervals a small child cries out for his mother.

Each day more than 60 women pass through the clinic. Almost half are under 22, all but a third are single, more than a third are Catholics who come despite their church's adamant opposition to abortion. They wait, go for blood and urine tests, and wait some more. For most, the visit takes four to five hours, the abortion itself only two to three minutes. It costs about \$150.

The staff of 41 is friendly, cheery, almost ebullient. Their mood helps to assuage the fears. So does the counseling service, which many clinics do not provide.

On her first trip to the clinic a nurse "started lecturing me on how much it costs to raise a baby," Stacy recalls. "She sounded just like a mother." This time there are no long discussions. Stacy is called in for "the procedure," during which "the tissue" will be removed. Most women choose to be put to sleep with an intravenous injection of Brevital. "They have your legs just like you're going to have a baby," says Stacy.

The abortion completed, Stacy is wheeled into the recovery room. After 15 minutes, she awakes feeling cramps. One woman in the recovery room is vomiting into a paper bag, while others are crying or moaning. Stacy wants to get out quickly: "I can't listen to that." To bring up her blood-sugar level, a staffer gives her a cup of ginger ale, some Lorna Doone cookies and a Tylenol painkiller. They make her feel nauseated again. But soon Stacy and her mother are back on the street. The fresh air revives her. "I feel light," she says, "so good."

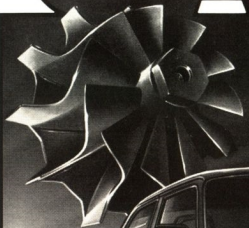
Stacy does not want to marry and leave home, "not till I'm older like my mother." And she does not want to repeat this day's sad experience. "I won't get any more abortions," she says. But now that it is over, she and her mother are off to Alexander's department store for a shopping spree. They try to forget the day by buying new shoes and a raincoat.



Abortion counselor at Stacy's clinic using anatomical model to explain "the procedure"

"I was just sitting there thinking, 'Should I or shouldn't I?'"

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P.L.O. Leader Yasser Arafat visiting Palestinian units on the banks of the Litani

Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman (left) talking with

## World

MIDDLE EAST

# Searching for a Fig Leaf

*Sadat is hoping for an accommodation from the Israelis*

**"T**here is a very severe difference between us," Anwar Sadat concluded sadly last week after the latest meeting between Israeli and Egyptian officials. The renewed effort was indeed a failure, since the two sides remained deadlocked on a variety of issues. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about the meeting was that, coming as it did only two weeks after the Israeli invasion of southern Lebanon, it had taken place at all.

At midweek Israel's Defense Minister Ezer Weizman flew to Cairo for the fifth time since last November. This was the first high-level meeting between Israeli and Egyptian officials in nearly two months, and for that reason alone was interpreted by some observers as a new, tentative step toward serious negotiations. After two rounds of talks, and three hours of discussion between Sadat and Weizman, the Egyptian government announced that the Israelis had offered no new proposals and that there would be no more formal meetings of the political or military committees until Jerusalem had changed its position, notably on the future status of the West Bank and Gaza. Nonetheless, the Weizman visit was likely to be the first of a series of informal talks aimed at getting the full-scale negotiations moving again.

A few days earlier, Weizman had written to his Egyptian counterpart, War Minister Mohammed Abdel Ghany Ga-

massy, urging that the two meet to review the results of the recent and unsuccessful talks in Washington between Israeli Premier Menachem Begin and President Carter. Gamsay referred the proposal to Sadat, observing that he was not sure whether the Egyptians should meet with any Israeli officials while the Israeli armed forces were still in southern Lebanon. Sadat overruled the objection, noting that Weizman had emphasized in his letter that the Israelis were getting ready to pull out of Lebanon, and that that was good enough for him.

On Weizman's previous visits to Cairo (along a flight route that he jokingly refers to as "the Weizman corridor"), the Egyptians had allowed him to mingle with the masses. This time they kept him virtually out of sight of both the press and the public. Apparently the Egyptians did not want the Israelis to exploit the visit as evidence that Jerusalem is growing more flexible in its pursuit of peace; indeed, the Cairo government emphatically denied Israeli reports that the visit marked a resumption of formal negotiations.

What most seriously divides the two sides is the issue of Palestinian self-determination. Sadat wants the Israelis to accept the "Aswan summit language" favored by Sadat and Carter at their January meeting: a declaration by both sides that the Palestinians should be allowed to participate in determining their own future, and that the Palestinian problem

must be solved "in all its aspects." Begin has bugged slightly from his previous position, but still wants to restrict Palestinian participation to those living in the West Bank and Gaza. Sadat insists on including those in the diaspora; otherwise, he argues, the problem cannot be solved "in all its aspects." The Aswan summit language, say the Egyptians, is the "fig leaf" that Sadat must have if he hopes to make bilateral negotiations respectable in the eyes of his doubting fellow Arabs.

If Sadat ever gets that concession, he will quickly commend it to the other Arabs as the basis for a comprehensive settlement, and will leave it to the others to do their own negotiating with the Israelis. At that point, Egypt and Israel could quickly reach an agreement on the Sinai, leading to what many Arabs fear would be a separate peace. This prospect alarms them, because it could perpetuate the split within the Arab world and render the Arabs incapable thereafter of mounting a serious military threat to Israel.

The tone of the Cairo meeting was friendly. Weizman is clearly Sadat's favorite Israeli; the Egyptian leader said of his guest last week: "I have confidence in him. He is true to his country and to peace." But later, trying to sum up the present status of the peace talks, Sadat was pessimistic as he told TIME: "No one can agree to what Begin is saying. He wants peace, land and sovereignty—everything. My initiative was an attempt to jump over the



Egyptian President Anwar Sadat at rest house near Cairo



Priest giving Communion during celebration of Easter Mass for French U.N. troops

psychological barriers. My visit to Jerusalem said, 'We recognize you, we are asking for normal relations and open borders, we want to be good neighbors.' But look at the result. We agreed to direct negotiations and normal relations. Mr. Begin gives nothing at all and says Judea and Samaria belong to Israel. 'Tell Begin that repeating this is an insult to me; tell him that it is an insult to keep the settlements and guard them with the Israeli army.' That is what I told Weizman to tell Begin.

"Begin's proposal is to legalize the

occupation, while we ask that the land be liberated. Let me be frank. The desperate state of the Palestinians is pushing them to fanaticism. Begin's hard line damages everything and pushes them to desperation."

Menachem Begin quite obviously does not agree. But other Israeli voices and sentiments suggest that disenchantment with Begin is beginning to grow. A poll published last week by the Tel Aviv newspaper *Ha'aretz* disclosed that on the eve of Begin's trip to Washington in mid-March the Premier's popularity rating stood at 59.4%—not bad by the lights of Israeli politics, but down sharply from his showing of 68.4% in January and 78.3% in December. Even Begin's Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan told *TIME* last week that Israel must seek a new relationship with its Arab neighbors. Said he: "I bear in mind that we have to be bold enough to take daring new steps."

In the Knesset, meanwhile, Opposition Leader Shimon Peres attacked the Begin government's policy of permitting the establishment of new settlements in the occupied territories. Taking issue with Begin's hard-line interpretation of United Nations Resolution 242, Peres argued that Jerusalem should acknowledge that the document applies to Israeli withdrawal from some of the West Bank and Gaza (as well as from the other occupied territories). To accept the original intent of 242, said Peres, "might not bring King Hussein of Jordan into the negotiating process, but it would enable Israel to conclude an agreement with President Sadat." After eight hours of heated debate, the Knesset supported Begin's peace plan by a vote of 64 to 32, but several members of Begin's coalition partner, the Democratic Movement for Change, abstained.

The focus of national attention still remained on southern Lebanon, though most Israelis assumed that the withdrawal of their forces would continue. Jerusalem officials believed that although the invasion had killed or wounded 2,000 civilians and had made 265,000 homeless, it had

damaged the fighting ability of the Palestine Liberation Organization. The Israelis said they had captured some 20 tanks, 100 artillery pieces and a large number of rocket launchers. Last week they discovered a huge bunker near Tyre that was full of naval equipment and explosives, obviously in preparation for another naval operation against Israel. The Palestinians, however, maintain that their fighting ability remains intact and the military equipment losses are of no consequence. P.L.O. Leader Yasser Arafat said his forces would observe the ceasefire as long as the U.N. replaced the Israelis in south Lebanon. But on a visit to his troops (many of them mere youngsters) on the banks of the Litani River he said he was prepared to fight on as long as necessary.

U.N. peacekeeping forces, meanwhile, were gradually moving into place in southern Lebanon. After attending an Easter Mass in the field, French U.N. troops took up such tasks as maintaining checkpoints and guarding the port of Tyre.

**T**he big question is how long it will take the U.N. force to establish a presence that the Israelis feel will justify their complete withdrawal. The P.L.O. guerrillas have promised to observe the prevailing cease-fire only so long as it suits their purpose. As a high-ranking Palestinian official told *TIME* Correspondent Dean Breslin: "We are prepared to resume military operations whenever and wherever we feel the alliance between Israelis and Lebanese Christians is planning new moves to endanger our presence in the south."

The Israelis, on the other hand, were concerned about whether the U.N. is capable of preventing the Palestinians from returning to the border area. If they do come back, the Israelis will face a worse dilemma than before: whether or not to raid an area containing not only guerrillas but also U.N. soldiers who are desperately trying to keep the peace. ■



Young Palestinian soldier greets U.N. troops  
Facing a worse dilemma than before.



## Weizman: "Not Here for Oil or Silver"

*Israel's Defense Minister, Ezer Weizman, is as well known to his countrymen for his wry wit as for his distinguished war record. Last week, before flying to Cairo for discussions with Egypt's President Sadat and War Minister Mohammed Abdel Ghany Gamassy, Weizman informally addressed a TIME news tour of businessmen and editors about his country's problems. Excerpts:*

I was born and bred in Israel, I was 54 in June and I have been fighting for almost 40 years. There are historical reasons why our ancestors decided to build the Jewish state in Palestine and not in California. We're not here just because we thought the sand of the Negev or the arid land of old Palestine was a place where we could drill for oil or could find silver. To be honest, I used to go to San Diego quite a lot before I was plunged back into politics, and I always used to say, "Why, why, did our ancestors not go to San Diego?"

► For President Sadat to come to Israel was something magnificent. But as a result of this euphoria, he expected that anything that he said or wished must be done. I told him seven weeks ago in Aswan, and I hope he will excuse me if I repeat something I told him there, "President Sadat, what you did by coming to Jerusalem I usually refer to as the equivalent of the act of the first man landing on the moon." He enjoyed this very much. But then I told him, "But Mr. President, the first man on the moon came back down to earth. The problem now is how can everyone return to earth and stop orbiting. I think you have to realize, the Egyptians have to realize, that you cannot forget 30 years of misunderstanding, 30 years of hard battles."

► In any peace agreement we shall have to bear in mind the security problems of Israel. I had the dubious pleasure the morning of May 13, 1948, of having a Jordanian column trying to cut the country in half. I wouldn't like that to happen again. When President Sadat, in Ismailia, got a little annoyed with me and said, "Ezer, if this doesn't go through, I'll have you chased all over the world." I replied, "Please, Mr. President, the first time I started chasing you was 20 kilometers south of Tel Aviv in May 1948, and look where we are now. Let's not start chasing each other again."

► The Egyptians did a 90° turn in their

policy by coming here and offering us peace. We did a 90° turn by going all the way toward them in Sinai and some of the way in the West Bank. People always claim that from a security point of view, perhaps we are exaggerating. I would like to remind you that we are 3 million, surrounded by about 100 million. It's very interesting to be part of a 3 million population surrounded directly by 70 million to 80 million and be branded an aggressor. It's a very good compliment, but I wish we didn't have it.

► The West Bank was never a sovereign part of Jordan. The U.S. never rec-

never had such targets in Saudi Arabia, because its wealth is all east of the Persian Gulf and we had no reason to attack them. But now there is the Tabuk airbase, about 180 miles from Eilat—in the middle of miles and miles and miles of sand. Why is it there? Not to defend Saudi Arabia, but to be able to take part in a battle against Israel. So why should the U.S. sell them the most sophisticated war toys while we are in the middle of peace negotiations?

► I don't want to be critical of Hussein, he's got problems. He's a King, and who am I to criticize Kings? I've never met him—not secretly, not clandestinely, but I hope to meet him some day. I think he made a few mistakes. I think he made a mistake when he attacked us in '67. I think he made a mistake when he

did not attack us in '73. I think he made a mistake when he didn't come to see Sadat in Jerusalem in '77. But what does he claim about 1967? On the morning of June 5, we sent a message to Hussein through the good offices of the U.N.: "Don't start and we won't." When the shooting began, there was no plan for attacking the West Bank. The next thing we knew, he was shooting at [Israeli] Jerusalem, at the civilian quarters. When we took the West Bank, Hussein said, "But Nasser told me that you were burning."

Among us Jews there are differences of opinion—on tactics, on principles. But you'd be surprised how united we can be. All the rumors now are that people are ambushing Prime Minister Begin, but he has gone through many ambushes in his life. He went through Siberia, Poland, the British period, and he will live through this period too.

► People forget why we moved into the Sinai in 1967. The straits were closed, the Egyptian army marched into the Sinai with 800 tanks, the whole world sat back and said, "It was very nice knowing you for 19 years." No one came to help us. King Hussein signed an alliance with Nasser, may his soul rest in peace. General Gamassy told me that from the Egyptian point of view, 1967 was a great mistake. How do I know that, when I come to an agreement with them and go back to the 1967 borders, that one day there will be not a good Gamassy but a bad Gamassy, that there'll be a different President who will think that his agreement with us is wrong? We are willing to take phenomenal risks. But let's not forget what has happened in the last 30 years. I believe there is more than a chance [for peace], but I wouldn't like people to believe that there is an easy way and a simple way.



Israel's Defense Minister, Ezer Weizman

*The first man on the moon came back to earth.*

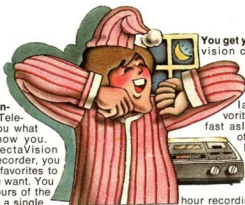
ognized the annexation. The Gaza strip was never a sovereign part of Egypt. Egypt doesn't want it, doesn't claim it. Egypt says, and President Carter says, that they don't want a Palestinian state on the West Bank. So to whom should we return it? Why can't we talk about some common effort to rule, to govern, to administer the West Bank? Isn't there some logic in Israel's proposal for autonomy for the West Bank, since it has never been functionally part of either Jordan or Israel?

► Ever since we started in 1948, our air force has had priority targets—for bombing Egypt, Libya, all over the place, even to the U.S.! [Laughter.] We

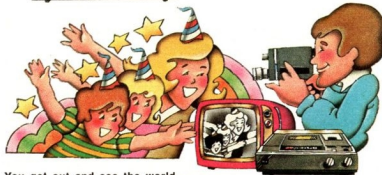
# Look what happens when RCA turns your television into SelectaVision:



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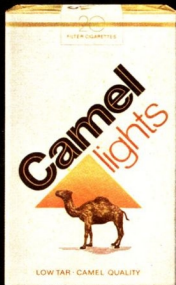
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# lution.

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If necessary, hearing aid adapters are available from your telephone company. — The Mickey Mouse Phone. © Walt Disney Productions

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Now you can give a gift that expresses your love by giving a phone that expresses your mother.

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# BE CHOOSEY

## World



French Communist Party Chief Georges Marchais arriving at the Elysée Palace for his meeting with President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing

FRANCE

### A Touch of Cohabitation

*Look who's playing the Palace*

**T**he stately iron gates of the presidential Elysée Palace functioned like a revolving door last week as Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's political opponents swiftly responded to his post-election appeal for "relaxation," "coexistence" and "reasonable cohabitation" among all parties. The first major leftist figure to enter the once impenetrable palace was Socialist Leader François Mitterrand, whose hopes of governing France had suffered a shattering defeat. Mitterrand was ceremoniously greeted by Elysée Secretary General Jean François-Poncet, who ushered the grim leftist into the sumptuous Golden Salon that once served as Charles de Gaulle's private office. There, Mitterrand shook hands with the victorious Giscard, brought out his meticulously prepared notes and proceeded to deliver a 1½-hour presentation, which an Elysée spokesman later euphemistically called a "moderate and relaxed discussion."

In most other Western countries, such a handshake and discussion would scarcely be considered an earthshaking event. In the U.S., of course, Republican leaders regularly drop by the White House to argue with Jimmy Carter. But in France, the opposition has traditionally been treated with about as much regard as a galled jug of Manischewitz wine. Indeed, the meeting between Mitterrand and Giscard was the first encounter between a key opposition leader and an elected President since the founding of the Fifth Republic in 1958.

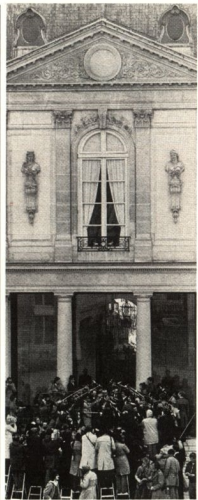
Both Giscard and Mitterrand were aware that the popular vote (48.4% for the left, 51.6% for the center-right) signaled widespread unease in the nation. Accordingly, Giscard saw the necessity of inviting the leftist opinions—even though, as it turned out, those opinions were boringly familiar. Essentially, Mitterrand was seeking to persuade Giscard to give France's 13.9 million leftist voters a great-

er voice in political life. He asked for equal time for opposition leaders on government-controlled television and radio. He also pressed for their increased participation in the National Assembly. Finally, he reiterated his party's call for proportional representation in parliamentary and local elections.

On the same day, Giscard received the visit of his archrival, Gaullist Leader Jacques Chirac. After a private 65-minute talk, Chirac said only that "we discussed the political situation, but this is neither the time nor the place to make any comments." Still, it seemed clear that the Gaullist had voiced his displeasure at the President's "opening to the left."

**L**ater in the week came Georges Séguin, leader of the huge Communist-dominated C.G.T. (General Confederation of Labor), Communist Party Chief Georges Marchais, and Robert Fabre, head of the Left Radical Party that had been allied with the Socialists and Communists in the elections. Séguin's "demands" came straight out of the handbook of inflation: across-the-board salary increases, including a 37% hike in the minimum wage to \$520 a month, and increases in pensions and other social benefits. Marchais spent an hour with Giscard, pleading, he said, on behalf of "millions of workers who have reached the limit of their endurance." Afterward, the Communist leader declared: "I am convinced that the [center-right] majority will not solve the country's problems better tomorrow than it did yesterday." Translation: Giscard need not expect any warm cohabitation with the Communists in the foreseeable future.

Giscard's final visitor was Premier Raymond Barre, who presented his resignation—a mere formality. At week's end Giscard reappointed Barre, confident that the Premier's austerity programs were the essential measures needed to hold back inflation. Austerity was not exactly what the leftist leaders had in mind, but then, Mitterrand, Marchais and the others know that Giscard's engagement at the Palace runs to 1981, while theirs were only one-day stands.



Press huddling outside Palace

*An earthshaking series of one-day stands.*

# WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

## How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the

shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it's the world's only 35mm SLR with both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control. The XD-11 is so advanced that during

shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

## Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

## What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

*Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the Minolta XD-11, the most advanced camera in the world. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T camera.*





*Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.*

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you when lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

#### **Do you need an auto winder?**

You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

#### **How about electronic flash?**

An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most

unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

#### **You should be comfortable with your camera.**

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

#### **Are extra features important?**

If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get: multiple exposures with pushbutton ease



(even with an auto winder). A window to show that film is advancing properly. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using. And a self-timer.

#### **What about the lens system?**

The SLR you buy should have a system of lenses big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

The patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. There are almost 40 Minolta lenses available, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the world's smallest 500mm lens.



*The electronic viewfinder: LED's tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.*



*The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.*

#### **What's next?**

Think about how you'll use your camera and ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

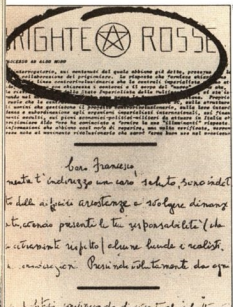
# MINOLTA

**WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE RIGHT CAMERA.**





Red Brigades defendants arriving at court



Communiqué (above) and Moro's letter  
Police search for kidnapers



## World

ITALY

### A Letter from Aldo Moro

*The former Premier sends a poignant message from captivity*

Dear Francesco,

While sending you a friendly greeting, I am obliged by these difficult circumstances to present to you some realistic thoughts, fully aware of your responsibilities, which I respect ... I am considered a political prisoner and being tried, as president of the Christian Democrats, for my responsibilities of the last 30 years ... Weigh your actions carefully in order to avoid further evil ... In the given circumstances, besides humanitarian reasons, what becomes apparent is the reason of state. Most of all this reason of state means that in my present condition I find myself under full and uncontrolled domination. There is the risk that I will be induced to talk in a manner that could be dangerous ... May God enlighten you for the best ... With most affectionate regards, Aldo Moro.

**T**hat signed, handwritten, five-page letter was purportedly from kidnapped Christian Democratic leader and former Premier Aldo Moro. Addressed to Italy's Interior Minister Francesco Cossiga, it was delivered simultaneously last week to newspaper offices in Rome, Milan, Turin and Genoa. The grave, poignant message never said so directly, but the suggestion it contained was unmistakable: it was an appeal to Italian authorities to bargain with the Red Brigades terrorists who had abducted Moro two weeks earlier.

Police said the signature and handwriting appeared to be authentic. According to Luciano Infelisi, the chief judicial investigator on the case, the letter also seemed to show every sign of having been written under duress. It was accompanied by the Red Brigades' third communiqué, but once again the kidnapers failed to specify any demands for Moro's release. Typed on the same IBM electric as the first two communiqués, it merely gave another menacing progress report: "Moro's interrogation is proceeding with the complete collaboration of the prisoner."

Moro's letter argued that "the doctrine according to which advantage must not accrue to kidnapping does not apply to political circumstances where a sure and incalculable damage is done not only to the person but to the state itself." It pointed out that all other countries, except Israel and West Germany, had saved kidnap victims "in a positive way." It referred to past political exchanges between the Soviet Union and Chile, "many exchanges of spies," and the expulsion of dissidents from the Soviet Union.

In addition to pleading in this oblique fashion for his own life, Moro warned authorities to consider the consequences to the government if he should be forced to disclose state secrets. Moro suggested that the Vatican could be useful in the case.

He did not explain how, though the implicit thought was that the Church might be used as an intermediary—as indeed it has offered to be in several terrorist cases before. The government kept a strict official silence on the letter. But after deliberations, the ruling Christian Democrats, as well as the Communists and other parties, agreed that the answer to negotiating with the kidnapers must be no.

Even as Italians puzzled over the letter and awaited the terrorists' next message, the country seemed to have recovered its nerve after the initial shock of the kidnapping and the murder of Moro's five bodyguards. The trial in Turin of 15 Red Brigades defendants resumed as scheduled, and the government intensified its effort to strengthen its legal recourses against terrorism. Following new measures introduced the week before—life imprisonment for kidnap-murder and wider discretionary powers for police—the Justice Ministry announced a \$94 million plan aimed at improving the judicial system and prison facilities.

Premier Giulio Andreotti made a deliberate effort to show that the government was operating as usual. He conducted meetings on the economy and distributed a promised economic policy report. This week he will receive Greek Premier Constantine Caramanlis in Rome, then travel to a Common Market summit meeting in Copenhagen. Said a Cabinet official: "The greatest danger of the kidnapping is that the normal activity of the government might be diverted. To forget the economy would be to play into the hands of the terrorists."

**A**t the same time, the exhaustive hunt for Moro and his captors continued. Police threw everything into the search, including dogs and helicopters. Military and police roadblocks created long but patient queues on the *autostrade*. Not so patient was the tone of a message sent to Rome's daily *Il Messaggero*. Italian underworld bosses, supposedly annoyed that the intensive police presence was hurting business, issued an "ultimatum" demanding Moro's release by 4 p.m. last Thursday—or else the boys from the mob would see to it that their colleagues behind bars would bump off Red Brigades members who were in prison.

The warning was believed to be a hoax, but criminals nonetheless had good reason for wanting Moro found. Common crime in the capital has dropped 60%. Car thefts, which total as many as 150 a day in Rome, have declined dramatically. Police are recovering between 40 and 60 stolen autos a day; the thieves abandon them for fear of being caught at a roadblock.

# Why do so many women worry about vitamins when they're pregnant, and stop when they're not?

If you've ever been pregnant, or plan to have a baby someday, you should know how important good nutrition is to health.

During pregnancy, the female body changes so as to favor the fetus. In turn, this process affects vitamin levels.

Research has proved that pregnant women have substantially lower vitamin levels than their fetuses. In fact, a fetus can have two to five times more B vitamins than its mother does. This is because the growing, unborn child gets its nourishment directly from its mother's blood. So, while the fetus is getting the lion's share of B vitamins, its mother may be coming up short.

#### Don't miss the vitamins you need.

Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> is necessary for proper function of the heart and nervous system.

B<sub>1</sub> helps skin stay healthy and maintains body tissues.

B<sub>6</sub> is important for healthy teeth and gums, the red blood cells and the nervous system.

Vitamin B<sub>12</sub> prevents anemia and also helps the nervous system.

Folic acid maintains the functions of the intestinal tract.

#### Before and after birth: nutrition counts.

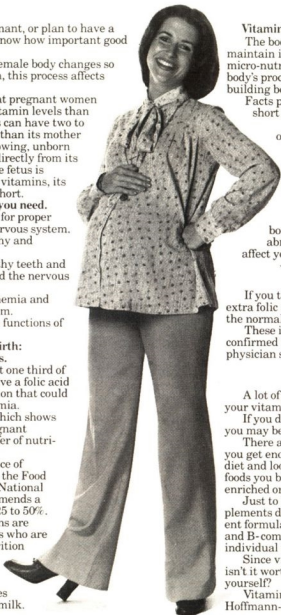
Studies have proved that one third of all pregnant women also have a folic acid vitamin deficiency, a condition that could lead to certain forms of anemia.

There is also evidence which shows that poor nutrition in a pregnant woman can affect the transfer of nutrients to the fetus.

Because of the importance of vitamins during pregnancy, the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Academy of Sciences recommends a vitamin intake increase of 25 to 50%.

Even after birth, vitamins are important. Nursing mothers who are not receiving adequate nutrition suffer a reduction in milk.

On the other hand, an increase in the mother's vitamin intake rapidly raises the level of vitamins in her milk.



#### Vitamins are essential to everyone's health.

The body requires vitamins and minerals to maintain its life support systems. These micro-nutrients are essential elements in the body's process of converting food to energy and in building body tissues.

Facts prove that it's very possible to come up short on vitamins over a period of time with gradual depletion of body stores. Then, once levels are significantly depleted, noticeable symptoms can result.

You can lose your appetite and then body weight. Often increased irritableness, sleeplessness or constant drowsiness occur.

Lowering of vitamin levels over extended periods can change your body's chemistry and, in turn, result in abnormal metabolism. This then can affect your performance.

#### You don't have to be pregnant to need extra vitamins.

If you take birth control pills you could need extra folic acid, B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, B<sub>6</sub>, and up to ten times the normal amount of vitamin B<sub>12</sub>.

These increased nutritional needs have been confirmed in several studies. However, your own physician should be consulted.

#### Men as well as women may need extra vitamins.

A lot of things you do in everyday living affect your vitamin needs.

If you drink, smoke, diet or happen to be sick, you may be robbing your body of vitamins.

There are a variety of ways to make sure you get enough vitamins. First, eat a balanced diet and look at the nutritional labels of the foods you buy. Today, many foods are vitamin enriched or fortified.

Just to be sure, you can take vitamin supplements daily. There are a number of different formulations including multiple vitamins and B-complex with C, as well as supplements of individual vitamins.

Since vitamins are essential for good health, isn't it worth a few cents a day to protect yourself?

Vitamin Information Service, Hoffmann-La Roche Inc., Nutley, N. J. 07110.



Your health is our concern.

## World

### CRIME

## Empain's Ordeal

*"It's over. Let him go."*

The haggard figure leaning against a lamppost outside a branch of Paris' famed Drugstore bore so little resemblance to the familiar newspaper photograph that no one even gave him a second glance. Yet for more than two months, thousands of police had been combing through much of France looking for a single trace of him. Then early last week, with authorities suddenly hot on the trail, Belgian Millionaire Baron Edouard-Jean Empain, 40, was released by his captors in a frenzied panic that contrasted sharply with their coolly professional capture of him 63 days earlier. Dropped off in suburban Ivry and handed 20 francs, Empain used the money to take a Métro to the Place de l'Opéra and to call his wife Sylvana from a pay telephone.

Both luck and stubbornness had a part in Empain's release. Alarmed by the epidemic of kidnappings in Western Europe, the French government had established a firm policy of refusing to lay low during negotiations with kidnappers. Once it became apparent—from the sole ransom demand of \$8.6 million—that they were dealing with professional criminals rather than political radicals, police grew bolder than ever. Though the Empain family was willing to pay off, police set up a phony ransom drop on a highway near Paris and ambushed a team of kidnappers who tried to retrieve the funds. Three gunmen escaped, one was killed and another, Alain Caillot, was captured. A few hours later, Caillot telephoned a terse message to his friends: "It's over. They'll never pay. Let him go."

By week's end police were closing in on Empain's other suspected captors, friends of Caillot with known police records, and had discovered the house where the baron had been confined during the last three weeks of his captivity. When he was led to the site, a modest two-story dwelling in suburban Savigny-sur-Orge, 15 miles south of Paris, Empain recognized a fork that he had used while held there and several empty packages of his American-brand cigarettes.

The victim's ordeal also included stays at two apartments, neither yet located. In the Savigny-sur-Orge basement, to prevent him from gaining knowledge of his surroundings, the kidnappers forced Empain to remain inside an unlit camping tent. He spent his lonely hours making the few mental notes that he could—two dogs barking, a child crying upstairs, some cracks in a plaster wall he could see. Heavy chains were padlocked around his neck, and the temperature was kept frigid. At mealtime one of the gang would alert the prisoner of his approach by coughing; Empain would then have to

draw a hood over his head and cough to indicate that he was wearing it. His food came from tin cans, which the kidnappers tossed into the backyard when he was finished.

When the baron refused to sign a ransom note, the kidnappers lopped off a piece of the little finger of his left hand—using an ordinary kitchen knife without benefit of anesthetic—and sent it to his family as grisly proof of identity. Gang members provided some antiseptic and a bandage to stop the bleeding. They also warned Empain that unless he cooperated with them they would cut off another finger for each day the ransom went unpaid.

After two days in seclusion following



Empain arriving at American Hospital

*Chain marks and an amputated finger.*

his release, the baron was rushed to the American Hospital, barely able to walk. He had lost more than 20 lbs., still bore marks from the chains, and was suffering from a muscular condition brought on by having been confined to a cramped position for long periods.

Though money was obviously the gang's motive, Caillot and his accomplices seemed to elude easy classification. Caillot, 36, the suspected ringleader, is the son of a prosperous furniture manufacturer and ran a branch of his father's business in Montpellier. Daniel Duchateau, 39, who died in the shootout, was even more enigmatic. After serving a six-year term for armed robbery from 1966 to '72, he wrote a book about why he had become a criminal. A five-year army stint convinced him, wrote Duchateau, that money brings liberty. "It's nothing really, just little slips of paper, but I realized very quickly that it was everything." In the end, of course, he was right about those little slips of paper. ■

### SOUTHERN AFRICA

## Flash Point

*The killing of a black leader*

In tense southern Africa, much of the West's anxiety has focused on a possible civil war in Rhodesia. But another potential conflict is just as steadily approaching its flash point. This time the dispute concerns the mineral-rich, South African-administered territory of Namibia (South West Africa). There, last week, in the black township of Katutura, outside the capital of Windhoek, Chief Clemens Kapuuo, 55, a popular moderate and leader of the multiracial Democratic Turnhalle Alliance, was assassinated by two gunmen who escaped without a trace.

A former schoolteacher, Kapuuo had played a key role in the Turnhalle conference, which brought together eleven ethnic groups two years ago. This year they formed a political union that has become the leading opponent of the militant South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), which in 1973 was recognized by the United Nations General Assembly as the territory's legal representative. Significantly, the Turnhalle group supported a South African-sponsored "internal settlement" similar to the one fashioned in Rhodesia by Ian Smith. Under the South African plan, Pretoria pledged to grant independence to Namibia by the end of the year, and Kapuuo would have been a leading prospect for the presidency.

Last fall South African Prime Minister John Vorster appointed Supreme Court Justice Martinus Steyn to administer the plan. In most sections of the country, Steyn dispensed with some of the most restrictive trappings of apartheid—pass laws, the mixed-marriages act, travel restrictions, indefinite detention and bans on black ownership of property. There was almost no opposition from Namibia's whites (who number 13,000 out of a population of nearly 1 million), leading many critics to wonder why South Africa could not do the same thing at home.

The problem has been that South Africa and SWAPO are in fundamental disagreement on the scheme, and the Western powers fear that it will not end the twelve-year-old guerrilla war raging between SWAPO and some 15,000 South African forces along the Namibia-Angola border. Thus the U.S., Britain, France, Canada and West Germany have drawn up a formula that would provide joint U.N.-South African supervision of the transition to independence and subsequent elections. Last week, after meeting with Andrew Young, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., SWAPO leaders agreed to the plan. South Africa has not yet responded, but Pretoria is expected to reject it and pursue its own settlement.

But Kapuuo's assassination has



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threatened to undo the solutions of all the parties. Kapuuo was chief of the Herero tribe, a warrior clan that numbers 63,000; SWAPO claims the support of the Ovambo, the territory's largest (membership: 400,000) tribe. Last month, following the assassination of another Turnhalle leader, Katutura township was torn by fighting between the two groups; 14 people were killed and more than 100 wounded. Some observers feared that the killing of Kapuuo could mean further tribal warfare.

All sides sought to reap political advantage from the assassination. South African officials charged that SWAPO had killed the black leader as part of an assassination campaign, and alluded to a "captured document" that purportedly included plans to kill opposition black leaders in Namibia. In Zambia last week, SWAPO Leader Sam Nujoma, who at one time studied English under Kapuuo, denied that his organization had had anything to do with the killing. The murder, he suggested, might well have been the work of South African provocateurs. ■

#### CHINA

## Confucius Lives

*On second thought, he's O.K.*

*The people may be made to follow a path of action, but they may not be made to understand it.*

—Confucius

**F**or the 900 million people of China, few of Mao Tse-tung's actions proved more inscrutable than the ferocious campaign that the Chairman conducted against Confucius, the nation's exponent of moderation and ethical values. School-

children were taught to denounce the philosopher, while their elders were obliged to chant imprecations against him in public demonstrations. Posters sprang up around the country portraying Confucius as a rapacious villain. One widely circulated comic strip showed a leering Confucius watching slaves being massacred. Red Guards stormed into the village of Chu Fu, where he was born 2,500 years ago, and destroyed the shrine erected in his honor. The *People's Daily* exulted: "Confucianism is dead once and for all." A typical broadcast declared: "Although Confucius is dead, his corpse continues to emit its stench even today. Its poison is deep and its influence extensive." That was in 1974.

Last week Confucius was well on his way to being restored as one of the fragrant flowers of Chinese culture. The *People's Daily* announced that the philosopher had been wrongly condemned as a "demon." After all, the party newspaper recalled, Mao had often quoted him, saying that everyone should "learn from Confucius' attitude of inquiring into everything." The Chinese press has also begun stressing that the Chairman shared Confucius' filial piety. In 1959, for example, Mao was said to have visited his parents' graves, "bowed and placed a bundle of pine twigs" on the tomb. Not mentioned in the *People's Daily* was Mao's remark: "I hated Confucius from the age of eight. There was a Confucian temple in the village and I wanted nothing more than to burn it to the ground."

The switch on Confucius is apparently part of an effort to reverse the destructive effect on China of Mao's hatred for traditional learning and his contempt for intellectuals. Now that the post-Mao regime of Chairman Hua Kuo-feng has begun to reconstitute the nation's ravaged educational system, China's greatest scholar and thinker may yet be fully rehabilitated. As Confucius said: "When you have faults, do not fear to abandon them." ■

#### THE PHILIPPINES

## A Real Contest

*An uphill fight against Fernando and superwife*

*She sweeps into the shabby residential Manila district of Santa Cruz in a black limousine, escorted by a busload of security guards and surrounded by political aides, cheerleaders, TV and movie stars. The crowd is enthralled by First Lady Imelda Marcos' skillful blend of political harangue and folksy charm. "I can tell the President what you need here," she says. "And you know that Imelda always gets action." As the crowd roars its approval, Mrs. Marcos sings a couple of old favorite Filipino songs and throws jasmine garlands into the audience. Then she is off—for yet another speech, her eighth of the day.*



Imelda Marcos giving campaign speech

*A blend of harangue and folksy charm.*

*Across town in Polo Valenzuela, 3,000 people assemble for another kind of political rally: a blistering attack on both Imelda and her husband, President Ferdinand E. Marcos. There are matrons in house-dresses, grizzled workers, youths in T-shirts and jeans, and a swarm of children enchanted by the carnival atmosphere. The speakers stand on a makeshift platform mounted on four oil drums as Opposition Candidate Charito Planas declares, in a high resounding operatic pitch, "President Marcos is taping this rally. Let's let him hear how loud our voices are." The crowd responds with upraised fists and shouts of "Laban! laban!" "Fight! fight!"*

**S**uch unaccustomed and boisterous scenes have become nightly affairs throughout sprawling, overpopulated Manila, as the Philippines' first election campaign in almost six years draws to a climax. At stake in this week's vote are 200 seats in the new interim National Assembly, the parliamentary body that Marcos designed as an improvement over the martial law that he imposed in 1972. It is a step, he claims, toward "normalcy." With anti-Marcos candidates actively campaigning not only in Manila but also far to the south in Cebu and Davao, the election, reported *TIME* Correspondent Richard Bernstein from the capital last week, has become a crucial test of the President's popularity.

Heading the President's K.B.L. (New Society Movement) ticket is Superwife Imelda, 48, who has served as the flamboyant, can-do governor of metropolitan Manila since 1975. The leader of the opposition party, Strength of the Nation (known as Laban, for its constant battle cry), is Marcos' bitterest political rival, Benigno S. Aquino Jr., a former Liberal



China's ancient sage (551-479 B.C.)

*From a poisonous corpse, a flower.*

## World

Party Senator and presidential candidate who has been jailed on charges of murder and subversion since the day martial law was declared.

Though still in prison, the charismatic Aquino has managed to turn the campaign into a genuine contest—with some unwitting help from the government. Last month Aquino was given the chance on national television to rebut official charges that he had been a CIA agent. Speaking from his detention center in Fort Bonifacio, Aquino first coolly refuted the CIA charge. Then, with millions of Manilans still glued to their TV sets, he launched into a crisp, rapid-fire denial of a raft of other government charges against him. That dramatic appearance provided a crucial boost to Marcos' opposition, whose crowds have multiplied rapidly.

To counter Laban's growing appeal, the government has been forced to wage an unexpectedly urgent campaign of its own. In a televised speech last week, Marcos not only charged the opposition with "sowing discord, hate, confusion and resentment," but called it the "strong and willing handmaiden" of a Communist effort to "create disorder." The President has courted votes with more than just words. In the past few weeks, he has fattened government pensions by about 12%, boosted the base salaries of teachers (who will serve as vote counters) by 20%, and promised slum dwellers that they will soon be able to buy the tiny plots of land they live on for 83¢ per sq. yd., down from the previous fixed price of \$83. Said one Laban candidate: "Marcos has had twelve years to do these things. It is only because he is now faced with serious opposition that he is forced to take real actions for the poor."

Marcos announced the results of a government poll purportedly showing that all 21 K.B.L. candidates are favored to win, with the weakest K.B.L. candidate likely to poll 300,000 votes more than the strongest Laban candidate. But many political observers doubt those findings, arguing that Aquino, for one, should surely be among the top vote getters. Various straw polls taken at such institutions as the University of the Philippines and the Central Bank, moreover, show that Laban may even have an overall lead.

Whatever the result, the campaign itself has already profoundly changed the political mood in the Philippines. Only a few months ago, riot police would have broken up any attempt to hold a rally against martial law. Now ten such rallies take place every night. Clearly, in agreeing to make a contest of the election at all, Marcos encouraged expectations that the process of restoring democracy to Philippine political life will continue. As Jerry Barican, a law professor and Laban candidate, said last week: "For the first time in five years, we have been able to put our message across to the people. In that sense, we have already won." ■

JAPAN

## Black Day at Narita Airport

*Farmers and students thwart an embarrassed government*



After invading Narita, helmeted rioters destroy control-tower equipment and furnishings

Everything was set for the long-delayed opening—five years late—of Japan's sparkling \$2.4 billion New Tokyo International Airport at Narita, 40 miles northeast of the capital. The 114 shops and restaurants and nine banks in the terminal complex were polished and ready for business. The 32 airlines that would use the new facility prepared to switch 150 flights a day from older, overtaxed Haneda airport across Tokyo Bay. In a nation where tradition and superstition still count as much as technology, a *taian*, or auspicious day, had even been determined for the dedication last week.

Unfortunately for Narita, a *butsumetsu*, or really unlucky day, hit the airport last week before the ceremonies could be held. A demonstration by 8,000 radical students and farmers who have agitated against Narita ever since construction began in 1967 erupted into an orgy of destruction. The 14,000 police spread across the terminal were caught by surprise as helmeted students in steel-plated trucks battered down the terminal gates. Tossing fire bombs and swinging metal rods, demonstrators swarmed wildly through the sprawling airport complex.

The central battle took place in the administration building. There, a band of 20 radicals emerged from the storm-drain sewer and attacked the nerve center of the airport. In a running skirmish with security forces, ten of the radicals made it to the elevators leading to the control tower 16 floors above. They disembarked at the 14th floor, climbed up a huge parabolic antenna, beating it with hammers as they went, and smashed the slanted windows of the tower. Six rioters shined through the broken windows and



Fire bomb explodes in demonstrator's hand  
*Fukuda did not sleep very well.*

proceeded to batter radar and communications consoles. Five frightened technicians who had been in the tower fled to the roof, from which they were evacuated by a police helicopter. The swift demonstration paralyzed Narita. Casualties numbered 34 police and 20 demonstrators injured, including one youth who was severely burned when a fire bomb exploded prematurely in his hand.

The most humiliating injury was suffered by Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda and his government. "I didn't sleep very well last night," admitted Fukuda after the disturbance. Irritated by the continuing demonstrations that have kept the



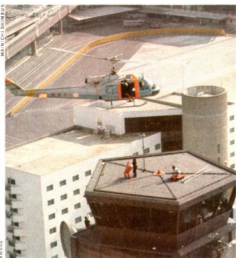
Police spray protesters' tower

completed airport idle since 1973—at a cost of \$100,000 a day in maintenance and interest payments on construction loans—the Prime Minister had flatly declared that "Japan's prestige is at stake" and insisted that Narita would open for business in April. Now it could take months to repair the damage.

Why was it that a modern and commonplace facility like an airport drove so many people to such maniacal extremes? The trouble began in 1966, when government planners searching for a site for a jet-age airport chose Narita, which lies in a rolling truck-farm belt. Ignoring the consensus system, which is considered a cardinal virtue in Japanese society, the planners never bothered to consult with the residents of the region, whose families have farmed the same tracts for generations. To the dismay and fury of the farmers, the government began to expropriate the land. Thus was organized the Anti-Airport League, an odd amalgam of angry farmers and environmentalists since dominated by an assortment of rad-



Radical flags wave as demonstrators seek to harass jet landings at Narita airport



Rescuing airport personnel from control tower

ical students, who saw Narita as an outlet for their extremist zeal. The group built a series of "protest towers" at the end of the first runway, staged marches and harassed operations wherever it could. Altogether, since 1967 there have been 56 separate major incidents at Narita; four policemen and one demonstrator were killed, 3,100 cops and 5,000 protesters injured and 1,900 people arrested.

**T**he relentless protests compounded what had been bad airport planning in the first place. Few airports in the world are as distant from the city they serve as Narita. The designers envisioned a 125 m.p.h. bullet train and a freeway to link the airport with Tokyo. But protests halted the necessary land acquisition, and neither system was built. As a result, when the airport finally opens, travelers will be forced to take a two-hour, \$50 taxi ride (or two-hour, \$8.50 airport bus) to the city; and because of heavy traffic, they will be required to check in at least four hours ahead of flight departures.



Rioters set brushfire near airport

To make matters worse, airlines are resentful because they must pay airport fees that are 30% higher than those at Haneda. They also worry about flight safety. Narita has only one 13,000-foot runway, which is periodically subjected to severe crosswinds. Even the jet-fuel handling system has been complicated by the disorders. Unable to acquire land for an underground pipeline, airport managers must transport fuel by railroad tank car. Because the protesters have tried to blow up at least one train, shipments move under heavy police guard.

No one is happy about Narita's costs and security problems except the people who have caused them. Issaku Tomura, the 69-year-old leader of the demonstrators, crowed that last week's disorder constituted "a great victory. We have prevented the opening of the airport and will fight on until it is abandoned altogether." The government is not likely to abandon Narita easily, and the end—or the beginning—of the world's most troubled airport is still not in sight. ■



## Art

### The Gentle Seer of Felpham

London's Blake retrospective

**O**f late, three magnificent exhibitions in London have sharply revised our ideas on the stature of English art in the 18th and early 19th centuries. The first, in 1974, was the Turner retrospective at the Royal Academy; the second was Constable at the Tate Gallery. Now it is William Blake's turn. Through May, some 340 of his works are on view at the Tate, in a comprehensive show organized by Art Historian Martin Butlin: paintings, drawings, watercolors, woodcuts, color prints, illustrated books.

Blake's reputation has grown steadily over the past 50 years. He is no longer pictured as a dotty but harmless visionary, chatting with the prophet Ezekiel at dinner; nor is his art treated, as it once was, as an appendage to his poetry. He is more apt to be seen as one of the key figures in the history of English radicalism, rendering the upheavals of his time in a framework of cosmic mythology: the friend of Tom Paine and Mary Wollstonecraft, the burning allegorist of revolution in France and America, the poet of liberty. But no exhibition in living memory has offered quite so much access to him as this one. We see the artist, warts and all: the epiphanies but the fustian too. It is an invigorating show and, obviously, a taxing one as well. Blake never strove to please, and much of his output was propelled by a need whose expression was, to put it mildly, obscure.

**"F**elpham," he wrote in 1800 to his sculptor friend John Flaxman from his new home in the countryside. "is a sweet place for Study, because it is more Spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden Gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of Celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, & their forms more distinctly seen . . . Now Begins a New life, because another covering of Earth is shaken off. I am more famed in Heaven for my works than I could well conceive." Outside the madhouse or the monastery, no Englishman alive then—and no European of comparable genius—considered his life in quite this way. Blake, who never thought he was a dreamer, meant everything he painted to have the instructive force of revelation. Each drawing and poem—whether small and limpid, like the *Songs of Innocence* or his woodcut illustrations to Thornton's *Virgil*, or epically obscure, like the cantos of *The Four Zoas* or the grand designs of *Jerusalem*—was imagined as part of a metaphysical system, a means of explaining the history



Biblical visions: Blake's *The Great Red Dragon* and (below) *Elohim Creating Adam*



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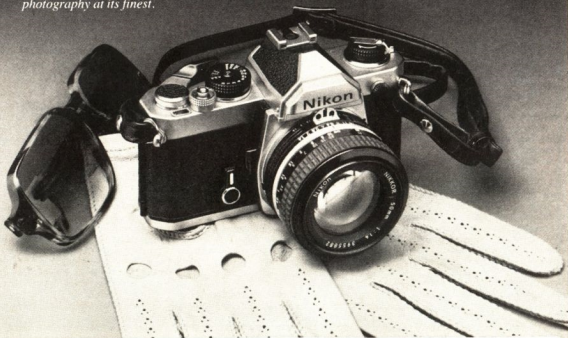
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# NIKON FM



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## Art

and nature of the world in terms of the fall and redemption of man.

Because he conceived his mission as didactic, Blake's ruling passion was exactness. Nothing infuriated him more than the idea that visions might be cloudy or woolly. "I know too well that a great majority of Englishmen are fond of The Indefinite which they Measure by Newton's Doctrine of the Fluxions of an Atom, A Thing that does not Exist ... a Line or Lineament is not formed by Chance; a Line is a Line in its Minutest Subdivisions ... God keep me from the Divinity of Yes & No too, The Yea Nay Creeping Jesus, from supposing Up & Down to be the same Thing as all Experimentalists must suppose." This is a long way from the world of relativity and particle physics.

**T**ruth was in line, not in color or tone. Some of Blake's most acrid denunciations were reserved for Rembrandt and Rubens, in whose "dark caverns" and "hellish brownness" the true lessons of Raphael and Michelangelo were, in his opinion, lost. His own images were overwhelmingly linear, his style based on outline and infill. The line recalls its 16th century sources in mannerist engravings (Blake never crossed the channel, and so had to depend on prints for his contact with Michelangelo). His famous *Gladiators*, showing Albion, the spirit of resurgent England, in mid-dance with his arms flung ecstatically wide, was based on a mediocre diagram of Vitruvian man in an old treatise on proportion; it transcends its source as *Macbeth* transcends Holinshed.

There are moments in Blake's large output when the linearity of his nudes becomes nearly absurd—they resemble skinned rabbits, thongs of formalized pink tendon. But against these, one must reckon such masterpieces of the imagined figure as *Elohim Creating Adam*, 1795, with the repressive God of the Old Testament, terrible in the weight of his beard and vast wings, waking the serpent-bound Adam to a life of toil and subjection. And his sense of dramatic *terribilità*, in the midst of the grotesque, was unparalleled. Few demonic images in Western art radiate such a nightmarish charge of sexual energy as *The Great Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed with the Sun*, 1803-05. Based on *Revelation 12: 1-4*, it stands at the extreme opposite end of the scale of feeling from Blake's lyric inventions, the visions of Eden, of childhood and angelic morning stars. It was as a biblical illustrator that Blake achieved his greatness as an artist. His color prints of 1795, along with his illustrations of Milton and biblical watercolors of 1800-09, contain some of the most sublime and tragic images of the body ever to be put on small sheets of paper. Never again would the nude be made to carry such a wealth of meaning as it does in Blake. —Robert Hughes



Manchurian cranes perform courting ritual inside Demilitarized Zone

## Environment

### Peaceful Coexistence in Korea

*Once desolate DMZ now teems with bird and beast*

**I**f nature abhors a vacuum, as is said, it does not always do so in a predictable way. Consider Korea's Demilitarized Zone, which stretches for 151 miles near the 38th parallel, between North and South Korea. For a quarter-century, two armed adversaries have sullenly, sometimes violently, confronted each other across its 2.5-mile width. The sights of innumerable guns sweep it constantly. Observation planes patrol along it daily. But human beings never stay there for long. And because it is so totally a no man's land, the DMZ is not abhorred by nature.

Quite the reverse. The zone, in fact, teems with furred and feathered creatures. In a generation it has become one of Asia's premier wildlife sanctuaries. When the Korean War ended in 1953, the DMZ, once an area of wooded mountains and fertile farm land, was a wasteland pock-marked with bomb craters and shell holes. But in 25 years those scars have begun to heal. Abandoned rice terraces have turned into marshes, which are a favorite feeding ground for waterfowl. Old tank traps overgrown with weeds serve as cover for rabbits. Untamed thickets provide a refuge for herds of Asian river deer, each a small (3 ft. high) fanged version of its North American cousin.

In the rugged Taebaek Mountains, in the DMZ's eastern half, lynx and Korean tigers now roam where few soldiers ever tread. Even movements around the true village of Panmunjom can be hazardous,

not because of stray gunshots, but because a parade of plump pheasants may suddenly appear in the path of a passing Jeep. Says an American officer: "Those birds are so fat they have a hard time getting off the ground. I could set my limit in a day with just a slingshot."

The zone is one of the few places in the world left untouched by pesticides and herbicides. To help make the wildlife preserve even more flourishing, the South Korean government allocates some of its \$400,000-a-year conservation budget for grain, which is spread by South Korean soldiers along their side of the DMZ. As a result, birds especially have come to prosper in the DMZ. In winter, members of the Korean Council for Bird Preservation like nothing better than to stalk the southern edge of the zone in hopes of catching glimpses of two particularly treasured species. One of them is the Japanese ibis, a long-necked, crimson and white bird that has been so reduced in number that only about a dozen are known to be left in the non-Communist world. Most of these survivors live on Sado Island, off the west coast of Japan; but two have been spotted during the cold months in the DMZ. The other species is the Manchurian crane, a majestic white, black and red bird with a wingspan of 8 ft., which is the emblem of the South Korean airline and something of a national symbol. Once there were hundreds in Korea's winter skies. Today, as a result of the shrinkage of wetlands,

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**IT'S MORE FUN TO TAKE THE BUS.**

## Environment

only a few flocks remain. Three of them winter in the DMZ, then fly off to their breeding grounds in Siberia.

One of the few "birders" who ever get a chance to see these magnificent creatures close up is Zoologist Won Pyong Oh, director of the Institute of Ornithology at South Korea's Kyung Hee University. Five times each winter, Won, 52, makes a well-advised venture into the DMZ under the watchful eyes of soldiers on both sides of the line in order to observe and photograph the monogamous cranes in their elaborate mating rituals, which include wing flapping, bows and leaps into the air. "The Americans get very nervous," explains Won, who makes his perch right on the Military Demarcation Line in the very middle of the DMZ. "They're afraid the North Koreans will try to capture me."

## The Black Tide

*France fights an oily enemy*

**F**or 45 minutes, hovering and circling over the sea, French navy helicopters dropped load after load of depth charges. They were striking back at a very real enemy, the wreck of the American-owned supertanker *Amoco Cadiz*, which had leaked oil for two weeks after history's biggest spill.

High winds and heavy seas had prevented French authorities from pumping out the supertanker's remaining 15,000 tons of oil (of an original 220,000 tons). Efforts to release the trapped crude with explosives planted by divers under the ship's surviving tanks had failed. So, amid a rising national clamor for action, officials or-

dered in the choppers. That way, at least, all the oil would finally be released and there would be no prospect of months and perhaps even years of continued oil trickles along northern Brittany's already badly tarred beaches, as the *Amoco Cadiz* slowly broke up.

Ashore, all France seemed to be mobilizing to fight back *la Marée Noire* (the Black Tide). Trains to Brittany were jammed with volunteers, mostly young people expecting to spend their Easter holidays literally scrubbing rocks and gathering up blackened birds. Hand-printed signs in every coastal village from Portsal to Roscoff announced mobilization meetings. Newspapers all over the country were flooded with offers of money and goods for Brittany's hard-hit fishermen; a radio station collected everything from pitchforks to rubber boots. A folk music group offered the earnings from a special new recording about the spill for the cleanup. Thousands of young people seized the catastrophe for political protest, shouting antinuclear-power slogans during a march in the port city of Brest (example: "Oil-covered today, radioactive tomorrow!").

**A**s work gangs attempted to scoop up the sticky scum on beaches and in inlets, dismayed marine biologists and fishermen were already giving a fairly bleak assessment of the long-term damage. Because the *Amoco Cadiz*'s oil is lighter and was released closer to the French shore than that from the *Torrey Canyon*, which blackened the English coast a decade ago, it had spread faster and penetrated deeper into Brittany's many inlets and estuaries. Even farther out to sea many food fish, except possibly sole, which stay near

the bottom, will be contaminated. The season's take of crabs, including green crabs used for bouillabaisse, may be wiped out. In addition, ornithologists noted, an archipelago called the Seven Islands, France's largest marine bird sanctuary, is surrounded by oil.

Most serious of all, the slick could do irreparable damage to plankton and other algae. At the bottom of the ocean food chain, these simple organisms, directly or indirectly, provide sustenance—to say nothing of life-giving oxygen—for all the creatures higher up on the ladder of marine life. The Breton seaweed crop, grown for the pharmaceutical, textile and food industries, represents 90% of France's seaweed production and 75% of Europe's. This year's crop has been heavily damaged.

## The Owl Caper

*Death on the sawdust trail*

**F**or curators at London's Regent's Park zoo, the deaths were troubling. Between March 1974 and September 1976, 55 owls in the zoo's celebrated collection died. For a while, zookeepers thought that the birds, which usually live to ages of 15 years or more, were simply succumbing to old age. But when younger birds began dying too, sometimes after repeated convulsions, the zoo's chief veterinarian, David Jones, decided it was time for some serious sleuthing.

After performing post-mortems on the carcasses (which had carefully been preserved for further study), Jones and his colleagues learned that 20 of the birds had excessively high concentrations of dieldrin, a chemical kin of DDT, in their livers and brains. But use of the lethal insecticide is sharply restricted in Britain, as it is in the U.S. and other countries. So how did the owls pick up the poison?

Jones began checking into their diet, mainly laboratory mice provided by a scientific supply house. The mice too turned out to be contaminated by dieldrin, although there was nothing in their standard pellets of food that could account for the poison's presence. Jones, however, did find that there was a potentially damaging concentration of dieldrin in the sawdust used as bedding in the rodents' cages. With all the fervor of a Baker Street Irregular, he then traced the suspect sawdust to a maker of wooden window frames. There, Jones found, the manufacturer had, quite legally, sprayed a wood preservative containing dieldrin on his lumber to protect it against infestations of woodworms. The mice took in a little sawdust each time they ate the food pellets. While the amount of dieldrin was not great enough to kill short-lived mice, Jones reports in *Nature*, it was certainly enough, over time, to do in the owls, which fed almost exclusively on what to them were tasty but, alas, tainted rodents.



Soldiers cleaning up damaged beaches of Brittany after *Amoco Cadiz* spill

Pitchforked seaweed, scrubbed rocks and fewer green crabs in the bouillabaisse.



COVER STORY

# Those #★X⚡!!! Lawyers

*Like Shakespeare's Kate, hard to live with—and without*

Ditchley can't recall exactly when he first began to suspect that the lawyers were out to get him. Maybe it was when, as a young man, he bought a modest house—and had to take out a second mortgage to pay the lawyer's closing fee. Maybe it was when Grandmother left some money, and Ditchley, through his grief, began dreaming of a nice vacation and maybe enough left over for a snowblower. Then the lawyers got into the act, clucking about what a mess Grandmother had left and how lucky Ditchley was that, thanks to their skill, the whole thing might not cost him too much. That made Ditchley worry about his own estate being picked clean, so he called on Thurmond Hotchkiss O'Mulvaney Garcia & Ginsburg, where a junior partner had a secretary copy a few paragraphs from a book and then presented him with a brand-new will and a bill for \$500.

The clouds really began to lower when Ditchley started his own business. His lawyers practically lived with him, filing taxes, dealing with pension plans, dodging safety inspectors and responding (in triplicate) to 12,472 government questionnaires dealing with things like the number of soap spigots in the washrooms and the ratio of three-toed dwarfs he employed relative to their number in the total population. Ditchley was becoming, frankly, a little paranoid on the subject of lawyers. His sister's divorce didn't help.

At first Malvina was very civilized about the whole thing, but then she and Sidney went out and hired a couple of lawyers. The neighbors soon had to call the cops to prevent trial separation of heads from torsos. Even when his daughter became engaged, Ditchley couldn't escape from the lawyers; she called one in to help her write a marriage contract; so naturally her fiancé got one too. Finally, Ditchley's wife decided to start a career; \$50,000 and two bankrupt batik boutiques later, she got into a law school. Now, whenever he tries to strike up a conversation with her, she mutters things like "Deponent sayeth not." But Ditchley is sending Junior to law school too, damn the expense. A good father, he figures, does not send his son into the world defenseless.

**T**he U.S., as befits a society of laws, has always been a litigious land. But the past quarter-century has brought a particularly explosive burst of growth in the legal industry. Since the mid-1950s the courts have discovered a spate of new constitutional rights, protections and entitlements for whole groups of people—for example, disenfranchised voters, women, Latinos, prisoners, children, mental patients. Countless others, emboldened by seven-figure awards in personal injury suits, have gone to court in quest of what San Francisco Defense Lawyer Scott Conley sardonically calls the "pot of gold at the end of every whiplash." At the same time, legislative bodies of every size across America have been spewing

forth new laws at a prodigious rate, more than 100,000 in some years; as it happens, more than half of the members of Congress and one-fifth of the state legislators are lawyers. Federal agencies, meantime, are generating an additional 35,000 or more new regulations every year. These developments have brought about a virtual revolution in American society: an all-pervasive invasion by courts, laws and administrative agencies into areas that had previously been ruled by custom, practice or plain old-fashioned private accommodation.

It is undeniably a revolution that has done much good for all kinds and conditions of Americans. But the beneficiaries in a different sense have been its architects: lawyers. In the past 15 years, the number of U.S. lawyers has increased from 296,000 to 462,000. Law school enrollments have more than doubled in the same period, from 54,000 to 126,000. Every year more than 30,000 new attorneys are pumped into the job market. Says somebody who ought to know, U.S. Chief Justice Warren E. Burger: "We may well be on our way to a society overrun by hordes of lawyers, hungry as locusts, and brigades of judges in numbers never before contemplated."

Burger's blast is hyperbolic fire for effect, but there is real and widespread cause for concern in the orgiastic growth of laws and lawyers. Says Laurence Silberman, a former U.S. Deputy Attorney General who is now counsel to the Wall Street law firm Dewey Ballantine: "The legal process, because of its unbridled growth, has become a cancer which threatens the vitality of our forms of capitalism and democracy." Others wonder whether the rule of law will prevail in the U.S., or the rule of lawyers.

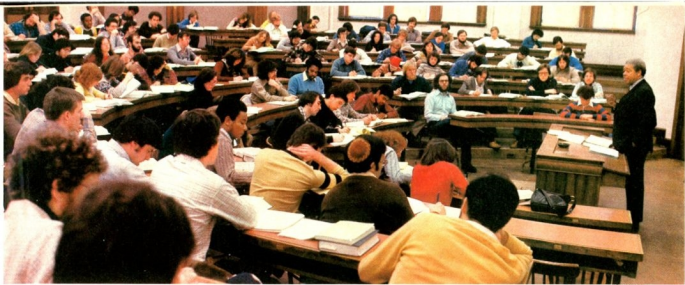
Attorneys, in short, are more numerous than ever in the nation's history, and in many ways more powerful. Their increase in density, however, has not been accompanied by a proportionate increase in mass affection. To be sure, lawyers have never been terribly popular, particularly among philosophers and writers. Plato spoke of their "small and ungrateful" souls, and Keats said: "I think we may class the lawyer in the natural history of monsters." Thomas More left lawyers out of his Utopia, and Shakespeare made his feelings known in that famous line from *Henry VI, Part II*: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

Rough stuff, yet lawyers may be held in lower esteem in the U.S. today than ever before. One 1978 Harris poll rating public confidence in 16 institutions found law firms at the bottom along with Congress, organized labor and advertising agencies. Watergate, of course, did much to fuel public suspicion. Even though many of Watergate's heroes were lawyers (Sam Ervin, Archibald Cox, Leon Jaworski), so were most of the heavies; and there were more of them, from Richard Nixon, John Mitchell and John Ehrlichman on down. And who can forget John Dean's



DRAWING BY MIKE HAMILTON © 1978 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"How did I guess you were a lawyer? Simple. Everybody is a lawyer."



Lawyers of the future if they survive the winnowing process, attend Professor C. Clyde Ferguson on civil procedure at Harvard Law School

plaintive question: "How in God's name could so many lawyers get involved in something like this?" But the distrust springs from many sources other than Watergate.

Legal malpractice suits, virtually unheard of only a decade ago, have proliferated steadily, along with considerable publicity. No less a figure than Chief Justice Burger has suggested that perhaps 50% of U.S. trial lawyers are incompetent; that comment created quite a stir, but there was scarcely a peep a few years earlier when Chesterfield Smith, a former president of the American Bar Association, said that he would not trust 20% to 25% of all lawyers. Nor is mere incompetence the only complaint on the rap sheet against lawyers. Greed and arrogance are high on the list as well. Plainly, the professionals once described by Tocqueville as "the American aristocracy" have an image problem.

**O**f course, there are vast numbers of lawyers who are decent, fair, competent professionals of unimpeachable integrity. Many are not even very prosperous. Though starting salaries for the brightest young law grads exceed \$25,000 a year, and senior partners at the biggest firms can count on earning well into six figures, many lawyers operate marginally. The average income, in fact, is an estimated \$26,500, less than half that of doctors.

Few professional groups are subjected to such rigorous, competitive schooling. Law schools are hard to get into. But the drop-out rate at some of the less prestigious schools is high, and a

number of those who do graduate choose not to practice law. Probably the greatest change in law schools in the past decade involves the great influx of women. In 1968 they accounted for only 6% of the enrollment; today they constitute fully 25%; and at a few schools the figure is 50% or more. Says one lawyer: "Women are raising the standards of the profession."

Many of those who go to law school see it as a gateway to politics or a shortcut to other forms of power in an increasingly complex and technical society. But there are also those whose expectations are lower and who see the law in more prosaic terms: as a way of earning maybe \$5,000 or \$10,000 a year more than an insurance salesman or a high school teacher. In any case, quite a few are shut out of the legal field; according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, some 30% of next June's crop of new lawyers will be unable to find jobs in law.

Many lawyers may enjoy less prestige, less interesting work and only modestly robust pay scales in the future. Trends in specialization, prepaid group legal plans, storefront legal clinics and advertising may well make for greater competition, lower fees and more of a supermarket approach to the law. The days of the independent, prosperous general practitioner are numbered. For some time to come, however, the top half of the classes graduating from the best law schools (Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Stanford, Chicago, Michigan and Berkeley) are likely to do very well indeed. These are the young lawyers who will be asked to join major corporate legal firms as associates in New York City, Wash-

Partners and associates at New York City's largest law firm, Shearman & Sterling, in their formal conference room on Wall Street

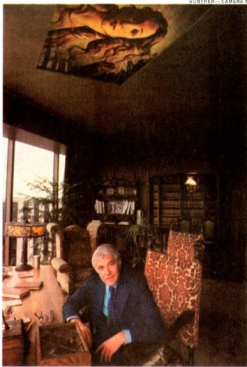


ington, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles and other large cities. At these firms, the competition is brutal, and perhaps one in four survive to become partners six years later. The rest spin off to smaller firms, corporate jobs, Government work or other fields. The range of possible career paths is staggering. With the law explosion, a new member of the bar can elect to try a judicial clerkship, criminal law, tax practice, public interest work, corporate law, legal aid or work in public defenders' offices, a prosecutorial job at the state or federal level, Government practice in, say, a regulatory agency, or any number of others.

Many lawyers also devote time to clients who cannot pay. This is admirable, but not entirely altruistic; they are supposed to do so under the Code of Professional Responsibility. In the late 1960s, idealistic young lawyers persuaded blue chip firms to let them do *pro bono publico* work, representing indigents on the firms' time at their regular salaries. Moreover, small-town lawyers have long been known to dispense free legal advice or tear up the bill for a strapped client. And school and hospital boards are often populated with lawyers who in addition to getting known around town perform valuable public services.

But such good deeds often go unnoticed. What works against lawyers generally is that they are at once indispensable and intimidating—a combination guaranteed to breed bitter resentment. "Lawyers have become secular priests," says Fred Dutton, a White House aide in the Kennedy Administration and now a successful Washington, D.C., attorney. They are, agrees Berkeley Law Dean Sanford Kadish, masters of "a mysterious art form to which the layman is not privy, with mumbo jumbo going on." The heart of the art, of course, is the impenetrable language that lawyers use, sometimes at great length (a direct outgrowth of the English practice of paying lawyers by the word for their briefs, which were, as a result, rarely brief).

Some critics suggest that lawyers write laws in decipherable language to guarantee employment for future generations of lawyers, who will be the only people capable of understanding them. There may be some truth in that, but the fact is that a complex society tends to need complex laws—ones that will effectively keep factories from polluting riv-



**Attorney at the top: Marvin Mitchelson in Los Angeles**

*Secular priests, with mumbo jumbo going on.*

ers, employers from discriminating against minorities, meat packers from stuffing sausages with sawdust. Besides, as Stanford Law Professor John Kaplan points out, "If you use an old form, something that is hard to read and is really antiquated, the chances are that it has already been interpreted by a court or two. You have legal decisions as to what precisely the words mean."

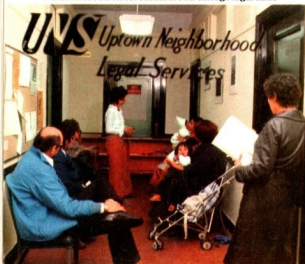
**S**till, the mumbo jumbo can intimidate and irritate the layman. Further resentment stems from the ability of excellent lawyers to muddle and obfuscate. Says Dutton: "Lawyers are paid to complicate, to keep a dispute alive, to make everything technical." The Washington, D.C., firm of Covington & Burling, for example, once delayed for twelve years a Food and Drug Administration ruling on the labeling of peanut butter jars. Said one Covington lawyer: "Certainly, there's something suspicious about a 24,000-page hearing transcript and close to 75,000 pages of documents on a case involving peanut butter." As Humorist Art Buchwald put it in a recent column: "It isn't the bad lawyers who are screwing up the justice system in this country—it's the good lawyers... If you have two competent

lawyers on opposite sides, a trial that should take three days could easily last six months."

Perhaps what is most grating, ultimately, is the indispensability of lawyers in modern society: their skill at decoding the laws written by Congressmen-lawyers or their lawyer aides, at interpreting the regulations promulgated by bureaucrat-lawyers, at helping influence the decisions made by politician-lawyers. The swashbuckling entrepreneur may not be a vanished species, but he is an endangered one; and in a complex, technological society he may not get very far without a secular priest, his lawyer, to minister to him. "I can't believe the change," says Atlanta Attorney Sidney O. Smith, recently retired from the federal bench. "Today a businessman cannot function without an attorney."

At the heart of Anglo-American jurisprudence is the adversary system, a device by which justice and truth are to emerge from the clash between two opposing viewpoints. "We boast about it, but it's a very mischievous system designed not to

**Storefront services: clients crowd Chicago legal clinic**



**Country Lawyer James Wootton paying a call in Charlottesville, Va.**





## Law

achieve but to frustrate the truth," declares New York City Lawyer Abraham Pomerantz. "Each side pulls out the facts that help and ignores those that don't. Out of that come confusion and distortion, and the cleverer guy wins." The system also suffers from disparity among lawyers. Some are superior, and others are what U.S. Judge David Bazelon labels "walking violations of the Sixth Amendment" (which guarantees the right to counsel). As Bar Critic Jerold S. Auerbach put it, "Equal justice under law" all too often means "unequal justice under lawyers."

Despite its flaws, legal scholars defend the adversary system. Notes a law school dean: "You have to compare it to alternatives. The adversary system works better than anything else available." Nonetheless, bar officials realize that the system requires improvement. In an effort to make it function better, a blue-ribbon committee of the A.B.A. is currently revising the 1969 Code of Professional Responsibility. A vague, well-meaning document, the code provides few clear-cut answers to the problems facing the modern legal profession. A.B.A. President William Spann asks, for example, "Is the lawyer obligated to blow the whistle on a client who ignores his legal advice and violates the law?" The answer is muddy under the current code, but most lawyers generally reply no. A Syracuse attorney retained by a murder suspect concealed from police the victim's grave site and later offered to trade his information to authorities in return for lenient treatment of his client. Last month the state bar ethics committee ruled that the lawyer had acted properly.

An ethics code revision is clearly needed, and the best in the profession want to see it done—and enforced. "Lawyering," suggests Eric Schnapper, a New York public interest attorney, "is within the relatively narrow category of occupations where borderline dishonesty is fairly lucrative. In many instances, the very art of the lawyer is a sort of calculated disregard of the law or at least of ordinary notions of morality." Under the current code, he notes, only selected and flagrant violations result in a disbarment. Writes Schnapper:

"One searches in vain for a lawyer disciplined for failing to give free legal assistance to the indigent, for failing to disclose legal precedent contrary to his client's interests, for misrepresenting facts to judges, juries or opposing counsel, or for using political office or connections to attract clients, although the frequency of these occurrences is common knowledge."

Even with a more clear-cut ethics code, it will be no easy task to root out a number of legal practices that inflate clients' bills, slow down the due administration of justice and provoke public hostility. "Lawyers love to play games," says Dallas Attorney G. William Baab. The games are invariably good for the lawyer, occasionally good for his client and rarely good for society. Among them:

**DELAY.** Thanks to overcrowded, harried courts, lawyers can often find ways to protract a shaky case indefinitely. Postponements, recesses, objections, motions, depositions, unavailability of client or lawyer—the list of stalling techniques is endless. Sometimes the intent is to squeeze a cash-starved opponent into a disadvantageous settlement. Or it can be even more pernicious. In Chicago, an attorney for a notorious dope dealer won 72 postponements over four years on the ground that he had trials elsewhere. A judge finally tired of that game and ordered the trial to proceed; the jury needed only 30 minutes to return

with a conviction. Another way to wear down the opposition is to "paper" a case by filing motion after motion, each requiring a time-consuming, costly response. This leads to what one judge calls a "Brobdingnagian procedural imbroglio."

**DISCOVERY.** Designed to eliminate the surprise element (trial by ambush) in civil suits, discovery has been greatly expanded since the 1940s. It allows a party to delay endlessly by demanding often absurdly peripheral information "relating to" the lawsuit. The wear-em-down philosophy was articulated by Cravath, Swaine & Moore Senior Partner Bruce Bromley in a speech before an appreciative audience of Stanford law students 20 years ago: "I was born, I think, to be a protractor... I could take the simplest antitrust case and protract it for the defense almost to infinity... [One case] lasted 14 years... Despite 50,000 pages of testimony, there really wasn't any dispute about the facts... We won that case, and, as you know, my firm's meter was running all the time—every month for 14 years."

**AMBULANCE CHASING.** Most modern practitioners are too sophisticated to run after personal-injury victims themselves; instead, they hire private investigators, insurance adjusters and friendly policemen to do so. But some lawyers have been known to "solicit"—scout for plaintiffs—in class actions.

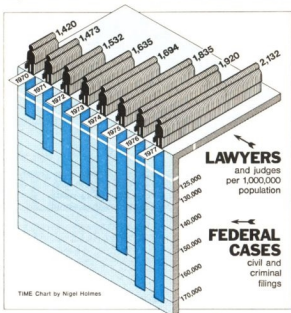
**LAWYER SUITS.** After a Government agency brands a particular action as illegal—an increasingly familiar story in regulation-happy Washington—a hungry group of lawyers may quickly file a lawsuit on behalf of a class of aggrieved people. Hastily preparing their case (sometimes by simply copying the Government's complaint), they settle as soon as they can justify a large legal fee, regardless of whether the injured members of the class have been adequately compensated.

**CONTINGENCY FEE.** Most personal-injury cases are taken by lawyers for a percentage of the

gross award, often one-third if the matter is settled before trial, perhaps 40% if a costly, risky, laborious trial is actually necessary. This creates a potential divergence of interest between lawyer and client. Since the potential additional reward for trial work may not be worthwhile, many attorneys encourage their clients to accept even an unreasonably low offer from an insurer.

**TAX PRACTICE.** According to Sidney Roberts, a New York tax lawyer, there is a "Gresham's law of tax practice" in which daring practitioners drive out the more conservative ones. The reason is obvious: clients want to pay as little as possible to the tax collector without actually breaking the law. Although most lawyers deny it, some firms charge clients a percentage of taxes saved. Boston's Hale and Dorr, having saved a client \$4.5 million in taxes, submitted a bill for \$760,000 for 2,000 hours' work—a cool \$380 an hour. A court upheld the bill.

**DIVORCE.** The days when an attorney could charge \$400 to \$1,000 for an uncontested marital split, where the major work was less than an hour's typing by a secretary, is gradually ending with the advent of advertising, legal clinics and do-it-yourself divorces. But plenty of opportunity for abuse remains. In major cities especially, matrimonial "bombers" so vigorously represent their clients' interests that once friendly marriage part-



TIME Chart by Nigel Holmes



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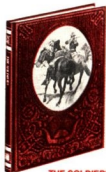
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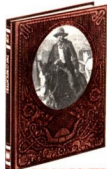
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## Law

ners become bitter enemies fighting a protracted court battle. The fee is suitably high.

**BAR DISCIPLINE.** In the first part of this century, lawyers gradually established the exclusive right to punish errant members. Since then discipline has been invoked mainly for small-time lawyers with no connections. Though a committee chaired by the late Justice Tom Clark in 1970 labeled bar discipline practices "a scandalous situation," few improvements have resulted. One New York lawyer refused to bring his criminal defendant to trial until his fee was paid; then he intercepted \$1,500 intended as bail money. The bar refused to act against him, calling the incident a mere "fee dispute."

**ETHICS ENFORCEMENT.** If the legal profession has been reluctant to discipline its shadier practitioners, it has been swift to crack down on anyone threatening to cut fees or reduce business. Citing the *Canons of Ethics*, which prohibits the unauthorized practice of law, bar officials have sought injunctions or even jail terms for laymen writing manuals on avoiding probate or divorce fees, and for real estate specialists performing routine title searches. Similarly, the bar fought desperately to preserve its minimum-fee schedules (which amounted to a monopoly pricing system) and to quell both lawyer advertising and development of group legal service plans. The bar has lost all six Supreme Court decisions on these matters.

Under these circumstances, it is hardly surprising that some Americans have grown cynical about lawyers—and the law. What is more, every day's newspaper offers up fresh horror stories. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court entertained arguments over which state—Texas or California—can tax Howard Hughes' estate, a corpulent, multimillion-dollar carcass currently being swarmed over (and relentlessly slimmed down) by as many as 200 attorneys. Thanks to painfully slow bar discipline, a northern California lawyer named Jerome Lewis is still prac-

ticing law despite a \$100,000 malpractice judgment against him in 1970 and a \$60,000 judgment including punitive damages in 1974 for defrauding clients of money. When four law firms extracted more than \$50,000 in fees and still failed to settle her husband's modest estate in eight years, a Maine widow started a well-received organization called Law Inc. (for Lay Advocates at Work). The group responds to complaints against lawyers, pushes for a state grievance board and teaches people how to handle their own affairs without an attorney.

That organization, born out of frustration, may be a harbinger of the future. The explosion of rights cases, liability cases, regulatory cases and a swarm of others has produced monumental jams and backlogs in civil courts at every level. The traditional response has been to propose more of the same—more judges, more courts, more lawyers for the nonrich, more regulations governing conduct. The bar, for its part, has responded slowly, by broadening public participation on disciplinary panels, requiring continuing legal education, setting standards for specialization credentials and attempting to tighten supervision of unethical conduct. The spread of advertising by lawyers and an oversupply of job-hungry law graduates may do their part to reduce price gouging by lawyers.

But these developments promise only cosmetic change. More thoughtful reformers suggest that fundamental changes are necessary to keep the legal system from being finally overwhelmed by the growing tide of suits. Such ideas necessarily involve a demerit of the venerable adversary system and a reduction in the influence of lawyers. Among alternative methods proposed for resolving disputes:

► Removal of family problems that involve no real dispute from courts of probate. Howard Hughes' will and Hollywood alimony suits are going to wind up in court no matter what, but there are many cases that could be settled by administrators without full-scale combat before a judge.

► Expansion of small claims courts, where citizens can appear

## Boxcars and Rainmakers: A Glossary

**Boilerplate:** standard legal language used in motions, wills, pleadings, closings, etc. Also may be defined as excessive verbiage used in routine matters to cover every conceivable contingency. Usually baffling to laymen, but "court tested"—accepted by courts for so long that lawyers have little incentive to simplify.

**Boxcar discovery:** requests for every remotely relevant document. Also known as "fishing expeditions" and "give us the warehouse," discovery involves use (or abuse) of pretrial procedural rules to delay and wear down the other side.

**Brokering:** also known as "farming out." A lawyer gives a case to another lawyer for a "forwarding fee." An efficient if often unethical way to make money. See "ten-point men."

**Bulletproof:** a document with no loopholes.

**Churning:** legal research and motions that have marginal (or no) relevance or usefulness but add to billable hours. Also known as "running up the meter."

**Cooling the client out:** deliberately lowering a client's expectations, so that he, the client, will be pleased with whatever settlement he eventually gets. Lawyers who do a high-volume business in personal-injury cases are sometimes reluctant to go to trial (too time consuming) and will cool a client out by persuading him to accept a lower settlement than might be attainable in a jury trial.

**Forum shopping:** looking for a court with favorable precedents, a friendly judge or a home-town jury.

**Hacking the pie:** what happens at a year-end meeting of partners when they divide up a law firm's profits.

**Legislative practice:** lobbying.

**Paper wars:** trying to drown the other side in motions, interrogatories, depositions, pleadings, cross-claims and countersuits. Exploiting every procedural nook, cranny and nuance in order to avoid or delay trial on the merits. Often used to great effect in complex antitrust cases.

**Rainmaker:** law-firm partner who brings in business, sometimes because he has held high Government office. Among the most famous was Richard Nixon, who managed to attract Pepsi-Cola to the New York firm of Nixon, Mudge, Rose partly because as Vice President in 1959 he steered Nikita Khrushchev to the Pepsi kiosk in Moscow as photographers clicked away. Rainmakers can come up dry: ex-Attorney General Ramsey Clark did so much free *pro bono* work that he lost money for his former New York firm.

**Revolving door:** what Washington lawyers go through as they pass back and forth between private practice and Government.

**Sharpshooter:** a lawyer who aims at loopholes.

**Ten-point men:** lawyers who specialize in settling personal-injury suits steered to them by other lawyers. The ten-point man often manages a settlement simply by bribing an insurance-claim adjuster. He gets his nickname because, for this service, he is usually paid 10% of the total settlement, keeping half and giving the other half to the claim adjuster as a payoff.



## Law

without lawyers and explain disputes in nontechnical language. In existing small claims courts, the limits are set unrealistically low (from \$100 to \$3,500). With higher ceilings and more personnel to reduce overcrowding, a sizable burden could be removed from other courts.

► Decriminalization of so-called victimless offenses, such as marijuana possession, gambling, public drunkenness and consensual adult sex. Many of these laws are widely ignored and enforced only haphazardly. Removing them from criminal codes would improve respect for the justice system and free cops and courts alike for more important matters.

► Diversion of minor disputes, such as neighborhood quarrels or small consumer arguments, to arbitration or mediation. Many arguments are distorted and amplified by formal court procedures involving lawyers and can be settled quickly by an independent third party.

► Expansion of no-fault laws, already used by 16 states in automobile accident claims, to other negligence areas. In many cases, the main goal of a fast, equitable payoff to an injured claimant is totally obliterated by costly, delay-ridden personal-injury lawsuits.

► Increased use of inexpensive paralegals—lay assistants with some legal training, under the supervision of attorneys—to handle matters like divorces, wills and title searches.

Thanks in large part to lawyers, the U.S. retains one of the world's most accessible court systems and one of its most exhaustive lists of human rights. Much of the nation's strength flows



Lawyers at work in Denver courtroom  
*A gateway to politics or a shortcut to power.*

from its respect for the law. But a longstanding love affair with the law is in danger of turning obsessive and destructive—if it has not already done so. Writing in the *California State Bar Journal*, J. Anthony Kline, a Yale-trained lawyer who serves as legal affairs secretary to California Governor Edmund G. Brown Jr., offers this catalogue: "The trial courts are in disarray, mechanisms for the prompt resolution of minor disputes do not exist or are inadequate, the adversary process is in disrepute, the criminal justice system is maligned, legal procedures are in many cases hopelessly arcane and unnecessarily complex, and legal services are becoming prohibitively expensive."

In the face of all these failures, however, lawyers play ever more important roles. Less and less are they society's servants, more and more the masters of its machinery. That trend is not likely to be halted until clients insist on retaining greater control of the direction of their cases, until citizens give more thought to resolving disputes without plunging into the adversary process, and until voters stop insisting that every perceived wrong be countered with new law and move to reclaim some of the rule-making authority they have consigned to judges and bureaucrats by default. In the words of Robert McKay, director of the Aspen Institute's Program on Justice, Society and the Individual and former New York University Law School dean: "If war is too important to be left to the generals, surely justice is too important to be left to lawyers."

## Washington: Legal Gold

"This place," said a lawyer, "is Sutter's Mill revisited." The place is Washington, where about 20,000 attorneys ply their trade; half are Government employees, the rest are general practitioners or private attorneys specializing in governmental relations. It is the latter group that gives the capital a kinship with the place where the California gold rush began in 1848. Established firms like Covington & Burling, with 185 attorneys, continue to grow at a brisk pace; new firms and branches of out-of-town firms are sprouting almost as fast, largely because of ever proliferating Government regulations. In the past three months alone, more than 1,200 new out-of-state attorneys have sought admission to the D.C. Bar.

Six Washington firms employ more than 100 lawyers, and two—Arent, Fox, Kintner, Plotkin & Kahn (130 attorneys) and Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering (110)—did not even exist 20 years ago. But the hottest growth area is the small new firm with a big name on its shingle. Among former Government luminaries who helped to open offices during the past two years: ex-Federal Trade Commission Chairman Lewis Engman, ex-Army Secretary Martin R. Hoffmann,

ex-Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott and ex-CIA Director William Colby. Old-line firms also face competition from specialty firms staffed by former congressional counsels or agency lawyers who helped draft the regulations that clients must now live with. Many of the outfits focus on growth areas in the law like energy and environmental affairs.

In mid-1976, a D.C. Bar committee began trying to jam the revolving door between Government and private law offices. When a Government lawyer entered private practice, the committee proposed disqualifying his entire law firm from any case that the newcomer had handled while on the public payroll. The idea produced "sheer panic" in many legal quarters, Government and private alike. Prospects for significant change are considered slim.

Many outsiders see Washington law as a world of fixing, influence peddling and lobbying over lunch. Insiders insist that, while a few superstars like Edward Bennett Williams or Clark Clifford have considerable access to top officials, the image is vastly distorted. Says one associate: "New York lawyers spend a lot of time poring over statute books. We

spend time on the phone—often with the same public-access person available to John Q. Citizen—and then explain the situation to the client. It's usually awful-ly mundane."

In dealing with a Government official, the Washington lawyer uses the same weapons as his colleagues elsewhere. "I sit there giving him 800 reasoned arguments why my client should be allowed an exemption," says one lawyer. "But what I don't say is more important. If he's not reasonable, he knows I'm going to file a 40-page brief. That means he'll have to write a 40-page reply brief. I work Saturdays; he doesn't. He knows the trouble will go up and down the System and hang around like a black cloud for years."

In larger firms, starting associates receive about \$25,000 and reach partnership status (and close to twice that salary) six years later. Senior partners typically make from \$100,000 upward; HEW Secretary Joseph Califano pulled down \$505,490 in 1976. Are the clients getting their money's worth? Ralph Nader and Mark Green last year urged businessmen to use staff lawyers, saving investors and consumers part of the millions spent annually on Washington legal bills. The capital's gold-rush legal atmosphere is eloquent testimony that the advice is largely being ignored.



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## Religion

### The Quiet Miracle of Emmaus

*At Abbé Pierre's communes, old junk leads to new lives*



Abbé Pierre celebrating post-Easter Mass amid used clothing at Orléans settlement

It is the day after Easter at a commune near Orléans, France. Inside a warehouse, an altar has been set up on a kitchen table. Surrounding it are a coat rack jammed with secondhand clothing, rows of used appliances and abandoned furniture, and assorted bric-a-brac. All in all, an appropriate setting for the annual get-together of the "Emmaus movement," which has shown thousands of people in 23 countries around the world how to rebuild their self-esteem by recycling the junk of the consumer society.

Suddenly an old woman says, "He's here," and in strides a thin, bearded priest wearing the black beret and the worn, ill-fitting country cleric's suit that are his trademarks. The priest laughs and shakes hands with everyone. After he celebrates Mass, with a loaf of bread fetched hurriedly from the kitchen, there is a steak-and-rice lunch for 200. Wealthy bankers are squeezed in at the tables next to ex-convicts and recovered alcoholics.

The priest is the Rev. Henri de Groues, 65, known universally as Abbé Pierre. The only visible indication that he is no ordinary priest is a thin red ribbon of the Legion of Honor stitched on his jacket. But he is the man who, as a former law professor at the Orléans lunch put it, "almost singlehanded mobilized the entire government and people of France to do something for the poor."

The son of a wealthy silk manufacturer in Lyon, young Henri could have chosen a life of comfort. Instead, he gave his patrimony to charity and took the vows of the Capuchin order. In 1938, when his health broke after eight years in the monastery at Crest,

he moved to a parish in Grenoble. Eventually, he became a leader of the anti-Nazi Resistance in eastern France, using many aliases including the one that stuck: Abbé Pierre. Among other exploits, he carried Charles de Gaulle's ailing brother Jacques across the frontier to safety in Switzerland. Later he himself was smuggled into Algeria in a mail sack, carrying a plea for arms intended for Churchill.

After the war, Abbé Pierre was elected a deputy in the National Assembly. He began renovating a large, ramshackle house in the Paris suburb of Neuilly-Plaisance as a hostel for needy people. Soon

ex-cons, destitute families and vagrants joined him, and the abbé and his growing family of followers started building new residences nearby, using salvaged materials. He called his commune Emmaus, after the New Testament town (Luke 24: 13-32) where two disciples, despondent after the Crucifixion, met the risen Christ and were filled with new hope. As it happened, the Emmaus movement was to grow out of personal travail.

That came in 1951, when the abbé lost his assembly seat and with it his only income. But just when the commune seemed imperiled, a *chiffonnier* (ragpicker) at Emmaus devised a new source of money: he taught his colleagues how to rummage through trash for useful objects. Scrap paper was sold, broken furniture and appliances were repaired and marketed. The commune became self-supporting and earned enough to add new centers elsewhere. A credo evolved: "Give instant help to those nearest and in need. Show them how to help themselves. Afterward let them help others."

The abbé became known throughout France during the harsh winter of 1954, when he waged a one-man battle to force the government to provide emergency housing for the poor. So great was the public response that the Premier, Joseph Laniel, later said he half-suspected the abbé was planning a revolution and might have succeeded had he tried.

Today Abbé Pierre lives quietly in one of the 8,000 low-rent apartments that his organization has built in the Paris area. Though the movement runs summer camps and ships supplies and cash to 32 countries, the main focus remains self-sustaining communes. Besides the 52 in

France (membership 1,500), there are 100 abroad. While the communes are secular, there is a heavy emphasis on community. The communards get room, board and a stipend, but their main reward is in self-respect. A sign in the Orléans commune reads: "We will never agree to accept our subsistence on any basis other than our own work."

The ancient monasteries disappeared, Abbé Pierre believes, because they became too prosperous and insensitive, and he fears the same thing will happen to his movement. To prevent this he uses every opportunity to expound his philosophy, and last week's celebration at Orléans was no exception. "The next friend who will come to this commune is somewhere right now," he told his followers. "We know nothing about him, but he exists at this very minute. While we are here and happy, he is crying somewhere in pain. When he comes to us here he will not find a paradise but he will find the time to help himself. That is why we must go on."



Members of movement selling their bric-a-brac

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# Cinema

## A Child's Garden of Sin

PRETTY BABY

Directed by Louis Malle, Screenplay by Polly Platt

**B**y all rights, *Pretty Baby* should have been Louis Malle's masterpiece. The movie is the story of a child prostitute in New Orleans during World War I, and no film maker is better equipped to tell that story than Malle. As he demonstrated in *Murmur of the Heart* and *Lacombe, Lucien*, this great French director has a deep understanding of the process by which benign children change into corrupt adults. Like his old New Wave colleague, François Truffaut, he also has the ability to portray children on-screen without condescension or sentimentality. These talents are evident in *Pretty Baby*; yet the movie does not work. Even though Malle has approached his film's potentially grisly subject with taste and compassion, *Pretty Baby* is often static and almost always shallow.

Since this is Malle's first American movie, one could argue that the director has been defeated by transatlantic cultural jet lag. To some extent this is true. Much of the film's dialogue, which is ridden with whorehouse-fiction clichés, would never be tolerated by Malle were he working in a French milieu. The same goes for some of the actors, who seem to have been cast more on the basis of looks than ability. Still, the movie's major troubles cannot be explained away so easily, for at its heart there is a failure of will. While Malle has had no difficulty making films about teen-

age boys who commit incest (*Murmur*) or murder (*Lacombe*), he has been defeated by the pre-teen prostitute of *Pretty Baby*. The movie circles around its heroine without ever zeroing in on her.

**W**atching the film is often like staring at a confounding blur: *Pretty Baby*'s narrative often seems to be languishing somewhere in the film's hazy background. That's a shame, because the screenplay is built around an exciting idea. Malle and Scenarist Polly Platt have hypothesized a romance—and eventual marriage—between Heroine Violet (Brooke Shields) and E.J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine), the legendary photographer of Storyville's glory days. This couple's bizarre March-December affair, like the equally promising relationship between Violet and her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), is described only intermittently. Instead of coming to terms with the characters' emotions, Malle dithers away his movie on rowdy sequences that depict the upstairs-downstairs antics of his oldtime sporting-house setting. Despite Sven Nykvist's fine cinematography and a rousing jazz score, a little of the film's nostalgic atmosphere goes a long way. Padding, however lush, is still padding.

Malle tries to make the movie's flavor pass for substance by filling the film with portentous zoom shots, but the ruse



Brooke Shields in *Pretty Baby*

*A volatile mix of innocence and sex.*

does not succeed. The cast does not do much to flesh out the material either. Besides having no resemblance to the real Bellocq, Carradine rarely gets a handle on the mysterious photographer-hero. With his sepulchral demeanor, he looks less like an obsessed artist than a constipated undertaker. Sarandon, sputtering like a road-show Tennessee Williams heroine, never creates a credible character. Nor does Singer Frances Faye, playing an ancient madam who does an obligatory mad scene when reformers close down her business.

The one stunning exception in this crew is Shields. A child model of astounding beauty, she is also, at least at twelve, a natural actress. It is chilling to watch her come on to Johns, aping the older whores' bedroom spiel in a mock-adult voice; her scenes with men are the movie's best. Though the film does not explicitly show Violet's bedroom activities, Shields is at times a sexual figure. A volatile mixture of both innocence and carnality, she makes the audience feel that anything can happen when she is around.

But precious little ever does take place. At the end of the film, Violet is leaving New Orleans to start a normal life; the movie closes with a freeze frame of her face while she waits for a train north. Malle apparently believes this closeup resolves his story: he wants to show that Violet has already started to harden into a dull, defeated adult. But one look at Shields' face and we see that Malle is wrong. The fascinating secrets of this girl's childhood still lurk in her wide blue eyes, waiting to be unlocked. Far from being over, the movie Malle promised has yet to begin.

—Frank Rich



The New Orleans bordello, with Susan Sarandon, Keith Carradine and Shields in the center

*A little nostalgic atmosphere, however lush, goes a long way.*

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## Cinema

### Odd Couple

HOUSE CALLS

Directed by Howard Zieff

Screenplay by Max Shulman and Julius J. Epstein, Alan Mandel and Charles Shyer

**D**r. Charley Nichols (Walter Matthau) is a gruff but adorable middle-aged widower who wants to score with every young woman he can find. Ann Atkinson (Glenda Jackson) is a wisecracking but adorable divorcee who wants to find a monogamous man and live happily ever after. *House Calls* is the story of this odd couple's on-again, off-again, on-again romance, and it wants very much to be a Neil Simon comedy. It doesn't succeed, but there are times when this amiable film could pass as a *Plaza Suite*, or even a *Chapter Two*, clone.

Four screenwriters are credited with *House Calls*, and they do make with the jokes. There are marriage jokes and baseball jokes and drag jokes and hospital jokes. The worst lines are about sex; this may be the first film in years that stoops to making cracks about water beds. The funniest scenes—and there should have been more of them—take on the American medical profession. In the rude manner of Paddy Chayefsky's *Hospital*, *House*



Jackson and Matthau in *House Calls*

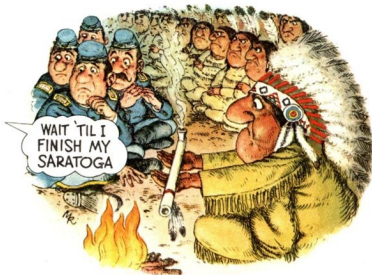
*A matter of chemistry.*

*Calls* suggests that doctors spend more time thinking about tax shelters and fancy cars than surgical procedures or professional ethics. The film's one outright hilarious character, played with vaudevilian relish by Art Carney, is a chief of surgery so senile that he says good morning to empty hospital stairwells.

On occasion *House Calls* gets a fast comic beat going, only to have its plot bring the laughs to an abrupt halt. The screenwriters have not found a way to integrate their hero's hospital shenanigans with the love story, and they build their narrative around the kind of forced farcical coincidences that went out of style with *I Love Lucy*. Howard Zieff, the talented director of *Slither* and *Hearts of the West*, works diligently to paper over the rough spots: he is an enviably good craftsman. Yet even he cannot rescue *House Calls* once it starts to become heartwarming. When a romantic montage concludes with Ann and Charley walking along a deserted beach, the movie becomes as gooeey as *You Light Up My Life*.

**H**ouse Calls' biggest drawback, however, is the lack of chemistry between its two stars. In principle Matthau and Jackson sound like a Tracy-Hepburn love match, but in practice they don't give off many sparks. Matthau's performance is a less vibrant version of the character he played in *Pete n' Tillie*; he gets his laughs, but he doesn't command the screen. Jackson, though handed an opportunity to run away with the film, merely tries to charm the audience to death. A few more parts like this, and she too will begin to look like a clone—of Julie Andrews.

—Frank Rich



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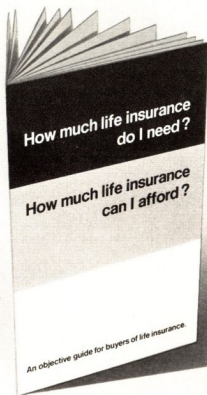


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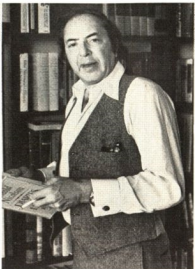
# Press



Esquire Contributor Richard Reeves



Manhattan Writer Catherine Breslin



Washington Author Tad Szulc

## Grub Street Revisited

*All work and low pay make freelancing a dull joy*

Gay Talese was an obscure metropolitan reporter for the *New York Times* in the late 1950s when he sold his first freelance magazine article, a 3,000-word profile of Boxer José Torres, to a men's adventure magazine called *Argosy*. His fee: \$500. Talese went on to bigger things (a total of \$1 million from *The Kingdom and the Power* and *Honor Thy Father*, a \$600,000 advance for his major book on sex, due in 1981), but *Argosy* did not. It's stated top payment for an article, some 20 years later, was still \$500.

Freelance.\* The phrase suggests freedom, adventure and the protagonist of a thousand B movies, Berlin-bound on the night train with a dream and an Olivetti. The dream, however, has turned sour. For most freelancers, magazine writing today has become the slum of journalism—overcrowded, underpaid, littered with rejection slips—and the denizens are growing restless. "It's a synonym for unemployed bum," grumbles John Jerome, who left the editorship of *Skin* a decade ago to write for himself and has spent half that time in debt. Warren G. Bovee, acting dean of the Marquette University journalism school, once calculated that some 25,000 citizens call themselves freelancers but fewer than 300 make a living at it. Says Talese: "There is no way you can prosper writing for magazines alone."

Freelancing has never been the genteel of callings. Samuel Johnson in his

1755 *Dictionary* immortalized the ink-stained wretches who lived on London's Grub Street turning out literary piecework. "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," said Dr. Johnson, who nonetheless spent most of his life in poverty. In the platinum age of periodicals, roughly from the 1920s to the 1950s, it was possible for man to live by word alone, provided he sold it to a magazine. The *Saturday Evening Post*, *Look*, *Collier's*, *LIFE*, *Woman's Home Companion* and *Coronet* routinely rewarded writers more handsomely than many magazines do today. The *Post* paid \$5,000 to F. Scott Fitzgerald for diamonds smaller than the Ritz and, shortly before the weekly's death in 1969, \$2,500 to anyone

for a lengthy article. (Top scale today at the *Post*, revived in 1971 and now appearing nine times a year, is \$1,000.)

Though many of the giants are no more, it seems that freelancers should be thriving, not starving. The magazine industry just recorded its most prosperous year in memory. Altogether, some 9,200 magazines are published in the U.S., and most provide at least some work for freelancers. It is usually cheaper to rely on them than to maintain stables of salaried staff writers. But the number of contributors is outstripping the growth—and quality—of the market. Everybody seems to be freelancing: housewives, public relations men, professors, reporters, the growing army of jobless journalism graduates. Circulation of *Writer's Digest*, a how-to monthly for such dining-table dilettantes, has leaped by 17% in the past year and a half, to 127,000.

The result: too many writers are chasing too few magazines, giving financially squeezed editors little incentive to raise their rates. Consumer prices have nearly doubled in the past decade, but the average payments for major articles (roughly 3,000 words) by the ten largest-circulation magazines have risen by only one-fourth. A few markets have become more lucrative: the skin magazines (\$2,250 for *Playboy*, \$1,200 for *Hustler*) and some city and regional magazines (\$1,000 at *New West*, \$1,100 at *Texas Monthly*). But other magazines have not raised rates at all: *Washington Monthly* has been paying writers the same 10¢ a word for the past eight years; previously, it paid 13¢. *Holiday's* average fee was \$1,200, the same as a decade ago, when that magazine was absorbed by *Travel* last fall; *Travel/Holiday* now pays \$250.

Then, too, the shower of new mag-

### The Going Rate

*Below are estimates of the current average payment for a major freelance article at the nation's ten largest-circulation magazines:*

TV GUIDE	\$875
READER'S DIGEST	\$3,000
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC	\$4,500
WOMAN'S DAY	\$2,500
FAMILY CIRCLE	\$2,500
BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS	\$900
McCALL'S	\$2,500
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	\$2,500
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING	\$2,000
PLAYBOY	\$2,250

\*The word was first used in the Middle Ages to describe roving knights whose lances were for hire by any king or cause. Today, a freelancer is someone who makes a living writing for various publications on anything but a salaried basis.

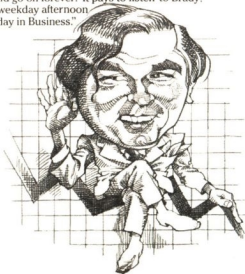
# Only one person ever walked out on a Mike Wallace interview.



He's interviewed thousands. Pianists and presidents. People in every sphere. So it says a lot about Mike Wallace that despite his vigorous (some say abrasive) style, only one interviewee ever walked out. Actor Burt Lancaster—showing his famous temper when Wallace asked him about his famous temper! Mike, whom you hear on "Mike Wallace at Large," evenings on CBS Radio, says the secret of interviewing is research. He'll come to an interview with up to 50 questions in hand. Which may be why people from Vladimir Horowitz to the Shah of Iran sit still for him. He has the facts straight.

## Should Brady Be Required Listening?

Think about this. CBS News Business Correspondent Ray Brady once wrote an analysis of the Middle East oil threat that became required reading at the National War College, where future generals go. Remarkably, it was written 15 years ago, when most people thought cheap oil would go on forever! It pays to listen to Brady. Every weekday afternoon on "Today in Business."



## Don't Kill The Ump. He's only 18!

At 18, CBS Sports' Brent Musburger was, in fact, the youngest umpire in pro baseball. He'd been hoping to be an athlete since he was six, but finally felt he wasn't good enough.

So he chose sports journalism—and excels, covering the big events coast-to-coast. Which is how come he's an airport expert too. "The airport in Pittsburgh has the best ice-cream,"

he'll tell you. "And down in Dallas, they have great chili dogs." Brent Musburger. Calling the shots for you weekday afternoons on CBS Radio's "Sportstime."



People like Mike Wallace, Brent Musburger, Ray Brady and such others as Walter Cronkite, Stephani Shelton and Douglas Edwards in our late afternoon schedule are worth listening to. But they're only part of our story. On every station affiliated with this network you find the kind of local news, sports and other features that make radio listening something more and more people are doing. For a good reason: it's worth your time.

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## Economy & Business

# Steel's Angry Ballet

*The steps: first rise high, then split and roll back*

**W**ith the growing use of lighter metals and plastics, steel is no longer the dominant performer in the economy that it once was, but its price rises still bring confrontations with Washington. Government officials know that other industries watch steel for clues to the size of price increases they can get away with. The confrontations have become a ritualized ballet. A steel company announces a towering jump in prices; Washington denounces it; another company posts a smaller increase; the original raise is trimmed down. Last week the ballet had an exceptionally thunderous performance, and it headed toward the same old curtain call.

U.S. Steel began by lifting prices an average of \$10.50 a ton, or 2.2%. That might not seem much, but together with a boost in February, it would bring steel increases to around 8% so far this year. The Carter Administration reacted with unusual vehemence. The President, jawboning at a press conference in Brasilia on his Latin American tour, charged that the rise "is excessive and does cause additional very serious inflationary pressure in our country." Vice President Walter Mondale and the Council on Wage and Price Stability (COWPS) also condemned the increase. Privately, some officials recalled with approval President Kennedy's crack about the genealogy of steelmen\* and made sarcastic, and misleading, references to a fat salary increase that they thought U.S. Steel Chairman Edgar Speer had collected. (In fact, Speer's combined salary and bonus was \$372,972 last year, down from \$425,000 in 1976.)

More important, COWPS Chairman Barry Bosworth and Trade Negotiator Robert Strauss got on the phone to heads of other steel companies, urging them not to follow the U.S. Steel increase. Strauss, who is becoming increasingly influential in the Administration, made the key call to National Steel Chairman George Stinson. National then posted a price rise of only \$5.50 a ton, which COWPS pronounced "acceptable." The smaller increase was quickly matched by several other companies, including Bethlehem Steel, No. 2 in the industry, without whose support U.S. Steel cannot make the big-

\*After U.S. Steel raised prices \$6 a ton in 1962 despite earlier assurances of price restraint, Kennedy said, "My father always told me that businessmen were s.o.b.s, but I never realized till now how right he was."

Supplies of steel rods awaiting shipment



Robert Strauss, White House troubleshooter



U.S. Steel Chairman Edgar Speer

*The same old curtain call?*

ger raise stick. For the record, U.S. Steel vowed to resist any Government rollback plea. But at week's end Strauss phoned Speer, and after he hung up, Administration officials announced that they expected Big Steel "to remain competitive," that is, shave its increase to \$5.50 or so.

U.S. Steel did have one justification for its original price boost: its steelmaking operations lost \$45 million last year, and companywide profits hit a 30-year low of \$138 million. The company has announced that its first quarter was "unprofitable." If U.S. Steel is indeed forced to back down now, it or some other steelmaker might well try to post further price increases in the summer or fall. The Administration's reaction could be most picturesque.

Carter's price-fighters were exceptionally bitter because last week's U.S. Steel move came at a crucial stage in their so far failing battle against inflation. Car-

ter returns from his foreign journey this week to consider a new anti-inflation program that his economic advisers are urging on him. Mostly it consists of Government actions unrelated to what industry does—for example, a pledge to resist any congressional attempts to push the budget deficit above \$61 billion. But the President figured that he could not afford to let a steel increase pass unchallenged.

Further, Government officials felt betrayed. Steelmen in the past have notified the White House of price boosts in advance; this time federal officials read the announcement on news wires. Indeed, U.S. Steel officials were in Washington at the start of the week conferring with Bosworth on moves that their industry could take to fight inflation, and they dropped no hint of a price increase. U.S. Steel says it dispatched only low-level "technicians" to the meeting with Bosworth, and that it is under no legal obligation to discuss price moves with the Government.

Finally, the Administration regarded U.S. Steel's justification for the \$10.50 increase as flimsy. The company claimed that the rise was necessary to cover the cost of the coal strike and settlement; blast furnaces gulp coking coal in great quantities. COWPS, however, figured that the settlement and indirect effects of the strike would add only \$4 a ton to steel-making costs. The agency pointedly noted that American steel mills are benefiting from Government help against import competition. The Government now sets "reference prices" for imported steel; any sales below those prices trigger an automatic dumping investigation. That tends to raise the price of imports, giving American mills leeway to raise their own quotes.

The White House is also considering other help to the steel industry: loan guarantees of \$500 million and possible exemptions from environmental requirements. So far as is known, Strauss and Bosworth did not mention these goodies in their calls to steelmen last week—but then they did not have to. It seems clear that, to get these Government benefits, steel will have to pay a price. ■



Tiffany's private salesroom for exclusive clients: a game strictly for the pros

## Feverish Sparkle

*Diamonds are a speculator's best friend*

**G**ot \$4 million to spare? Then you could meet Liz Taylor's asking price for a 69.42-carat, pear-shaped diamond that Richard Burton paid less than half as much to buy for her nine years ago. That is one of the more modest price increases in a market that has gone berserk, especially at the wholesale level. Uncut stones, particularly those less than one carat, have in many cases doubled in price just in the past 18 months.

Supplies of new stones on the market are down, in part because mining in Angola has not recovered from a civil war that ended in 1976. More important, speculators round the world have concluded that diamonds are a good hedge against inflation, currency weakness and political uncertainty. In the diamond centers of Antwerp, New York City, Bombay and especially Tel Aviv, industry middlemen have been paying price premiums up to 100% to buy and hoard uncut stones. Banks have been buying diamonds for customers' portfolios, instead of stocks. "Some people have bought kilos' worth

of diamonds," says Antwerp Diamond Cutter Sylvain Zucker. Disgusted by the speculation, New York's Tiffany & Co. ran a newspaper ad in March telling customers: "Diamonds are too high. We suggest you look before you leap."

Last week De Beers, South Africa-based kingpin of the diamond cartel and central selling agent for most diamond-producing countries, acted to stabilize the market—by making a big price increase. At its regular sale to selected buyers, De Beers posted a 40% price surcharge. One motive was to cut diamond-producing countries in on the profits that speculators have been reaping. De Beers also hoped to stop the hoarding; at the new level, speculators might find prices that tempt them enough to sell some of their stashed-away stones to cutters who need gems. And if supplies reaching retailers increase, prices to the end buyer of diamond rings just might hold steady.

Anyone concluding from that logic that the diamond market is a topsy-turvy affair best left to pros would be dead right. An uninitiated individual investor has to buy diamonds at retail, paying huge markups, but he can only sell his stones at wholesale levels. So the price has to rise considerably for the ordinary investor to break even. Meanwhile, he has cash tied up in an asset that pays no dividends or interest. ■

## A Punk Quarter

**T**he economic recovery that began in the spring of 1975 is now almost exactly three years old, and it is showing its age and fatigue.

Consumer prices in February jumped at an annual rate of 7.4%—not as bad as January's 10%, but quite bad enough. For the third month in a row, prices rose faster than wages, and workers' purchasing power declined. The index of leading indicators, those figures that are supposed to foretell the economy's future, showed no change from January, when it had dropped 1.9%. The U.S. trade deficit in February was a startling \$4.5 billion, the worst ever in one month. At home the Carter Administration's economists fear that unemployment in the next month or two may rise a bit from the 40-

month low of 6.1% recorded in February. That figure had declined largely because unusually few people were looking for jobs, possibly because cold and blizzards kept many at home. Spring sunshine might well prompt more people to seek jobs.

All in all, says one Commerce Department economist, the nation has gone through "a punk quarter." Ice and snow so snarled transport, and the coal strike so curtailed electricity that national production showed little growth. Otto Eckstein, head of Data Resources, Inc., calculates that real Gross National Product rose only 1.5% in the first quarter. With the snow melted and miners back at work, Eckstein thinks real G.N.P. will show a catch-up surge of 7.5% from April through June. For the year, real G.N.P. is still likely to rise around 4.5%. The trick will be to keep inflation from speeding up in the spring as it did in the winter.

## Economy & Business

### State of the States: Healthy

*Black-ink budgets promise tax relief, better services*

The Carter Administration has come up with a novel justification for its planned \$61 billion federal budget deficit. It is necessary, officials argue, in part because Uncle Sam should put back into the economy money that states and cities are draining away by running big budget surpluses. The argument is more than a little questionable because these surpluses will not restrain the economy but will spur it by making possible state and local tax cuts and more spending on services. But there is no denying the basic fact: most state and municipal treasuries are indeed flush with more cash than they have had in many years.

Certainly there are exceptions. New York City, still seeking federal aid to fend off bankruptcy, was forced last week to find money to give a raise to transit workers and avert a threatened subway and bus strike. And the cost of removing last winter's mountainous snows has strained the budgets of some localities in the Northeast and Midwest. Not so, however, in the Sunbelt. For example, Houston, reveling in a record surplus of \$24 million, is budgeting to train 500 new cops this year, more than triple the average for the past decade.

In the statehouses, there have been some dramatic turn-arounds. Only three years ago, New York State faced a serious threat that a city insolvency would drag the state into bankruptcy too. Now the state expects a surplus of \$360 million this year and is debating how much to cut taxes. Michigan last November projected a deficit of \$78.4 million in its 1978 fiscal year, ending Sept. 30. Now it expects a \$68.4 million surplus, and Governor William Milliken is proposing reductions in property and income taxes. Budget Director Gerald Miller agreed with a reporter that the estimate of a deficit was "a ploy." He remarked candidly that there are times "when it is appropriate to indicate the situation is not as good as it might be in order to hold down the level of spending."

Collectively, the nation's states and cities ran deficits in four of the first six years of the 1970s; the red ink in recession-struck 1975 totaled more than \$6 billion. But last year states and localities rolled up an aggregate surplus of almost \$14 billion. Jimmy Carter, in his January economic message, put the figure much higher: almost \$30 billion, which, he said, was "a drag on the economy." Governors and state legislators, worried

that Congress would use the figure as an excuse to cut federal aid, protest that Carter improperly counted \$15 billion in "social insurance" funds that are used to pay pensions, workmen's compensation and temporary disability benefits. That money should not be figured as part of the surplus, the state officials contend, because it cannot be used in day-to-day operations.

State and city leaders like to brag that the surpluses are due to sound finan-

in income taxes alone totaling \$625 million annually in eleven states, including New York, Michigan and Minnesota. Property taxes are another favorite target, since they have provoked citizen revolts in many areas. California wound up last year with a \$2.9 billion budget surplus, largely because, in line with Governor Jerry Brown's celebrated small-is-good philosophy, the state severely held down spending. Now flush California is planning to cut citizens' property taxes by \$1.4 billion.

Some states and cities will also step up spending. David Levin, an economist at the U.S. Commerce Department, figures that state and local spending for sewer, water and recreation

facilities will rise at least 10% this year. Texas, enjoying a surplus of \$3 billion, plans no tax cuts (it has no income tax anyway). But during the next two years, it will pump increases of \$1 billion into schools, \$900 million into medical education, \$528 million into roads and \$525 million into health and welfare spending. Wisconsin will use \$62.5 million of its surplus (\$437 million for the 1977-78 biennium) to fund programs to reduce water pollution, and Arizona might spend part of its \$26 million surplus on sprucing up the outmoded state prison, the scene of several riots and killings.

In some states, surpluses and what to do with them have become a hot political issue. Opponents of Arkansas' Democratic Governor David H. Pryor's tightfisted spending policies are demanding that he call a special session of the state legislature before the May and June primaries to decide how to distribute a \$40 million surplus. Pryor, who will leave the statehouse this year to run for Senator so far has refused. When Wisconsin's Democratic acting Governor Martin Schreiber campaigns for election in his own right this year, he may be damaged by charges that the state's huge surplus came about because he kept taxes too high. Schreiber is now proposing tax cuts, but he and the legislature are squabbling over the size and type. Schreiber proposed a rebate that would have given \$20 to the typical Wisconsin resident;

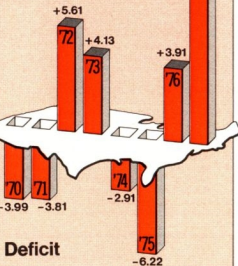
legislative leaders are agitating instead for an 8% reduction in the rate of future income taxes.

Governors and mayors who might be embarrassed by big surpluses can take some ironic comfort in the thought that they will soon be dwindling. Higher spending and a probable slower rate of growth in the economy late this year will shrink the aggregate state-city surplus to somewhere between \$5 billion and \$10 billion in 1978. That is a tidy sum, but it gives officials less reason to keep federal deficits high.

#### STATE AND LOCAL BUDGETS

In billions of dollars

#### Surplus



TIME Chart by P.J. Pugliese

cial management. It is not idle boasting, but an even more important reason is the nation's economic recovery, which has raised the take from income and sales taxes. During the recession, most states and cities cut spending deeply, and generally they continued to hold back during the early days of the rebound. Last year revenues surged far ahead of spending, giving the states especially the pleasant problem of what to do with the money.

Many are reducing taxes. The Tax Foundation has added up proposed cuts



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The new Dodge Omni. People just seem to like it. Because Omni tries so hard to please. With a 99.2-inch wheelbase. A 1.7 litre over-head cam engine. And a likeable base sticker price of only \$3706\*, including standard features like an AM radio, vinyl body side moldings, and white sidewall tires.

The Omni shown below with a number of stylish additions has a sticker price of just \$3981\*.

**\$3981: (PRICE OF CAR AS SHOWN)**  
**\$3706: (BASE STICKER PRICE)**



**MOTOR TREND  
CAR OF THE YEAR**

Even big people like Omni. For example, the four weekend hackers you see here. All four of their golf bags fit in a covered compartment behind the rear seat. If this were a twosome, that rear seat could be

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attention was paid to things like spring rates and jounce travel. Front-wheel drive with rack-and-pinion steering does its part, too.

Another thing, with four good-sized suburbanites like you see here, Omni's gritty four-cylinder engine can make this car move with plenty of authority. No sweat

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Remarkable, when you consider the EPA estimated mileage ratings achieved by that engine and Omni's standard four-speed manual transmission and a 3.3 transaxle ratio:

**EPA ESTIMATES:  
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Now, your mileage may vary according to your car's condition, equipment, and your driving habits. And California mileage is lower. But these are noteworthy ratings for a car that can do all the Omni can do.

Here's a suggestion. Visit your Dodge Dealer. Have him wheel out an Omni. Take it out on the freeway. Over a bumpy road. We have

a feeling when you're through, you'll be ready to buy, or lease. Omni's like that. It attracts fans.

**DODGE  
OMNI.  
IT DOES IT ALL.**



\*Excluding taxes and destination charges.

## Economy & Business

### Proxy Raid by an Old Brigade

*Curtiss-Wright aims to carve up Kennecott*

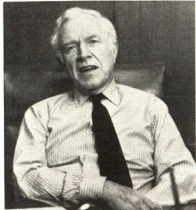
Though corporate takeovers have flourished mightily in the past couple of years, nearly all have been buy-outs for stock or cash. The old-fashioned proxy fight seemed little more than a memory, but now a battle has broken out for control of Kennecott Copper Corp., the biggest U.S. copper producer. Curtiss-Wright, which owns about 10% of Kennecott stock, is appealing to Kennecott's stockholders to vote at the annual meeting on May 2 to dump the incumbent management and elect a new board.

Curtiss-Wright is openly declaring its intention to make Kennecott sell off Carborundum, an abrasives manufacturer that Kennecott acquired only three months ago for \$571 million. Curtiss-Wright might also be tempted to liquidate some of Kennecott's other properties.

With assets of only \$349 million, compared with Kennecott's \$2.7 billion, Curtiss-Wright, a maker of aerospace parts and industrial equipment, does not have the financial resources to make an outright tender offer for Kennecott. That would cost some \$750 million. Curtiss-Wright even had to borrow from its banks to buy its 10% of Kennecott stock.

Curtiss-Wright did make a peaceful effort last month to get minority representation on the Kennecott board. But Kennecott's dour and demanding chairman, Frank Milliken, 64, turned down the request. So T. Roland Berner, 67, Curtiss-Wright's chairman, declared war by nominating a slate headed by himself to take control. The rather geriatric group includes George Moore, 72, former chairman of Citicorp; Robert Meyner, 69, former Governor of New Jersey; George Bunker, 70, former chairman of Martin Marietta; and Fred Kirby II, 58, chairman of Allegheny Corp. and Investors Diversified Services, the mutual fund concern. Curtiss-Wright said its nominees "believe that Kennecott management, instead of paying \$567 million to buy Carborundum Co., should have used that cash directly for the benefit of Kennecott stockholders." If the dissident slate is elected, it is committed to make the proceeds of a Carborundum sale available to Kennecott stockholders.

That siren song should win some ready listeners. When the big copper producer was forced to divest itself of Peabody Coal by Government edict last June, savvy Wall Street analysts speculated that some or all of the \$1.2 billion Kennecott received would be paid in the form of a special dividend. Instead, Chairman Milliken, apparently fearing an unfriendly takeover attempt, paid \$66 a share for Carborundum. The rationale: the bigger the company, the more difficult it is to



Reclusive attacker T. Roland Berner



Demanding target Frank Milliken  
*No longer just a dim memory.*

finance a raid. By paying more than twice the book value for a ho-hum company, Milliken let himself in for savage criticism of his business judgment. John Bogert, a former Kennecott employee who is a copper analyst with Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis, says of Milliken and his board: "They're not about to give things out to shareholders. They think of the company first and foremost."

Berner's strategy is similar to his attack on Curtiss-Wright in 1948. Management had been piling up cash; Berner, then a Wall Street lawyer, badgered it to distribute the hoard in a special dividend to shareholders. Curtiss-Wright refused, so Berner launched a proxy fight, forced the company to dispense dividends liberally and eventually had himself elected a director and chief executive.

In recent years Curtiss-Wright has not been a distinguished performer. Profits dropped from \$19 million in 1976 to \$16.3 million last year, while sales fell from \$337 million to \$310 million. Berner, a silver-tatched figure, has become something of a recluse. That is a stance he must now abandon; a proxy fight is a campaign for votes, and the attacker must be as much a politician as a businessman.

If Berner succeeds and severs Carborundum, what is left of Kennecott will be anything but a prize property. One of the world's highest-cost copper producers, Kennecott thrives only when prices of its metal are handsome. Last year profits were a pittance of \$300,000 on sales of \$977 million. Copper inventories of more than 2 million tons are now overhanging the market, forcing the U.S. spot price down to about 62¢ per lb., below Kennecott's average cost. Some analysts, however, believe that copper might go as high as \$1 per lb. by the end of 1979, as demand catches up with supply. But, if the stock market is any indicator, the prospects for Kennecott, as with most "smokestack" companies, are dim. Its stock sold for about \$25 a share last week, far below the book value of \$42.

### Film Follies

*Begelman behind bars?*

When David Begelman, defrocked president of Columbia Pictures, returned to Hollywood from a skiing vacation in Colorado last week, he appeared to have ridden out a monstrous scandal. He had admitted padding expense accounts and forging names on checks that he cashed, but Columbia had treated him with more than compassion. He repaid the money with interest, and though he resigned in February, he was about to begin work under a contract as an independent producer of films that Columbia would distribute. That contract might pay him at least \$1.5 million over the next three years, more than he would have earned if he had remained Columbia's \$400,000-a-year president.

But on Begelman's return, Los Angeles District Attorney John Van de Kamp issued a four-count felony complaint, charging the executive with grand theft of \$40,000 and with forging the names of Director Martin Ritt, Publicist Pierre Groleau and Actor Cliff Robertson on checks. So Begelman is set to surrender this week to Burbank police, and will shortly afterward be arraigned. If convicted, he could be sentenced to one to ten years in state prison on the grand-theft charge and one to 14 years on each of the three forgery counts. One serious problem for D.A. Van de Kamp: at a trial, he would have to persuade witnesses to testify against Begelman—no easy matter in the tightly knit film community which respects and fears powerful producers.

## U.S. Rabbit All Set to Hop

*Volkswagen rolls into a Pennsylvania town*

Until two years ago, the sleepy, small (pop. 3,000) Pennsylvania town of New Stanton near Pittsburgh was little more than a cluster of motels, restaurants and gas stations serving passers-by on the Pennsylvania Turnpike and Interstate 70. Now it has become a Rabbit farm. Next week Volkswagen Manufacturing Corp. of America, a subsidiary of the giant of German small cars, will begin turning out VW Rabbits in a refitted former Chrysler building on Route 119, just outside New Stanton.

It will not be the first time that a foreign maker has produced cars on U.S. soil. Britain's Rolls-Royce did it in Springfield, Mass., from 1921 to 1931. But Volkswagen's huge investment—a projected \$250 million—makes it unique right now. No

boom in New Stanton real estate. Eighty-four new apartment units have been built, with another 96 on the way. Some land in the surrounding countryside (mostly used for dairy farming) has sold recently for as much as \$7,500 an acre, up 50% in five years. Two new banks have arrived in New Stanton to compete with the long established Mellon Bank branch. "And we got a dentist," adds Mayor John Reagan. "Something we never had before." Mail volume through the town post office has increased by 30% during the past year. Postmaster Henry Springer hopes that New Stanton Post Office will be elevated to first-class status, enabling it to hire more staff and lengthen hours of service.

Some residents fear that the plant will



Workers at VW's new American plant put cars together as part of training program

*New Stanton gains banks, apartments and even—mirabile dictu—a dentist.*

other overseas automaker has a U.S. factory operating. Volvo last year indefinitely postponed plans to build cars in the U.S.

The VW plant by late this year will crank out nearly 800 Rabbits a day (200,000 a year), employ 4,000 people, pay them \$50 million annually and pump an additional \$50 million into the local economy by stimulating employment in auto-related industries. Already, says Plant Manager Richard Cummins, VW is doing business with some 1,800 Pennsylvania firms. If all goes as planned, VW will be assembling its U.S. Rabbits mostly from U.S.-made parts by next year, with only engines and transmissions coming from Wolfsburg, West Germany. In economically depressed Lewistown, Pa., for example, C.H. Masland, a U.S. company, is building a plant to supply carpeting for Rabbits; it will employ 200 people.

The VW plant has produced a mini-

lure black workers from Pittsburgh to their largely white community and create racial tension. Reagan dismisses that objection as mindless. "We have a few colored families in town and plenty of apartments going up to take care of the others," says he. "They have as much right to work here as anyone else."

So far, VW has hired about 1,000 workers. Most live within 35 miles of New Stanton, but some with special skills have come from Ohio and New York. For management talent, VW turned to Wolfsburg and Detroit. To run the Volkswagen Manufacturing Corp. of America, VW raided General Motors and got lanky James McLernon. Despite seven years of service as Chevrolet's general manufacturing manager, he was passed over for a vice presidency and was ripe for plucking. He left GM with some misgivings: "It was a tough decision to make." But VW's lure was a reported \$1 million, five-year contract, plus

the chance to put the world's eighth largest automaker into U.S. manufacturing.

Before plunging into American assembly, VW did a great deal of thumb-sucking. Its decision turned into a two-year touch-and-go process that had promoters for New Stanton and its chief rival for the plant, Brook Park, Ohio, hanging breathlessly by their seat belts. VW ultimately saw itself as having no choice but to assemble cars in the U.S. With the dollar losing value against the West German mark, VW's U.S. prices went up relentlessly. The average price of all Volkswagen models sold in the U.S. climbed almost 14% last year alone. VW, whose famous Beetle was once the top-selling U.S. import, saw its share of the U.S. market shrink from 6.8% in 1970 to about 2.5% now.

In its New Stanton plant, VW will be able to produce cars less expensively than it can in West Germany and perhaps meet its goal of grabbing 5% of U.S. car sales. The advantage of building cars in the U.S. was underscored by a new announcement last week: prices of VW's German-made autos were raised an average of yet another 3.9% in the U.S.

## AMC Liaison

*A French connection—maybe*

Can putting together two weaknesses make a strength? Profit-pinched American Motors Corp. has been openly looking for a foreign carmaker with which to form some kind of partnership. Last week AMC revealed the company that it is focusing on—not, as rumored, Peugeot, but the French government-owned Renault—and the terms of a "proposed affiliation" that left a great deal for AMC stockholders to desire.

The pact is very tentative: basically, a commitment to try to work out a formal deal. If concluded, that deal would combine the two companies' selling efforts in the U.S. (American Motors cars would appear in Renault showrooms and vice versa) and provide for sales of AMC Jeeps by Renault dealers overseas. Most important, Renault cars might be built in AMC plants. There are even some hints that the two companies might get together on designing a new car.

Such cooperation would clearly benefit both companies, but only to a limited extent. AMC Jeeps have been selling well in the U.S., but overseas they could face fierce Japanese competition. Making Renault's small, 32-m.p.g. Le Car would help AMC get the m.p.g. average of its total fleet high enough to meet tough federal standards. But Renaults have not sold well in America; they seem unlikely to draw much traffic to AMC dealer showrooms. Above all, Renault would pour no money into cash-short AMC. If this is the best deal American Motors can come up with, it is still in trouble.



**"The Enegrens' home had increased in value. Thanks to Allstate, so had their insurance coverage."**

"When that tornado struck Olathe, the Enegrens' house was completely wiped out. Only six months before, I had encouraged them to increase their coverage by \$10,000 to bring their insurance closer to the value of their home.

"At that time, I called them to review their homeowner's policy. I explained that not only had the value of their house gone up, but also the cost of rebuilding it, if disaster should strike.

"After the tornado, the Enegrens used the money we paid them to buy another house. As an Allstate agent, I always try to make sure my customers keep their insurance up to date, so that a disaster like this will never leave them out in the cold."

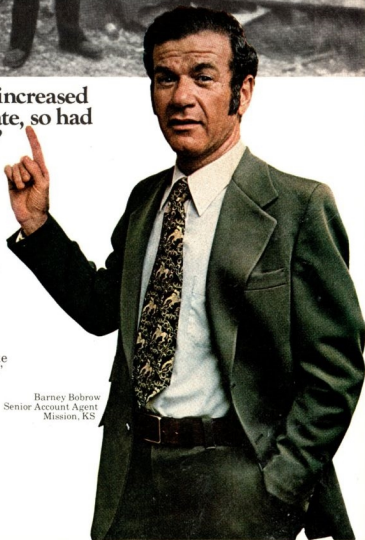


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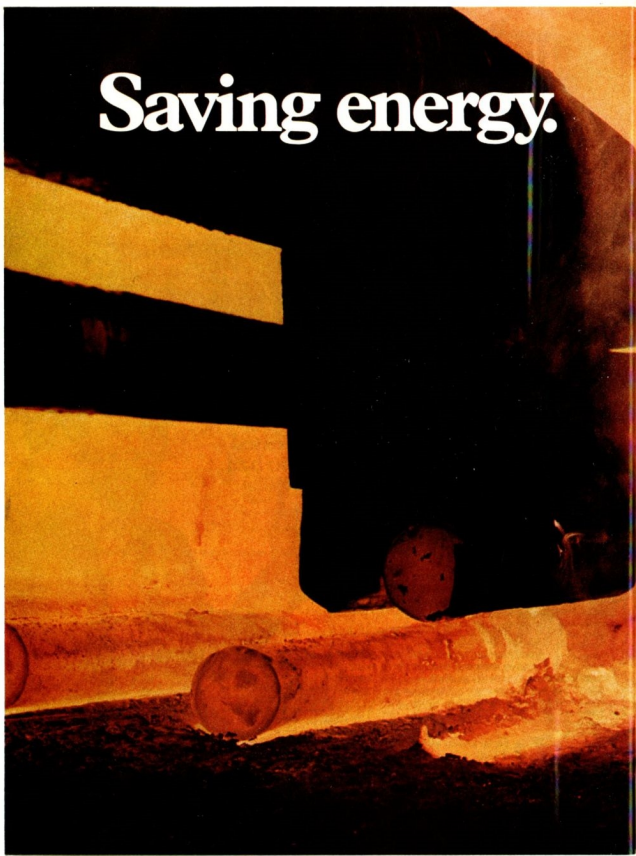
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Coke ovens, important in the steelmaking process, are traditionally heated with their own gas. However, when we

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## Time Essay

# Ten Ways to Cut Inflation

**T**he most distressing thing about last week's news that consumer prices swelled at a 7.4% annual rate in February was that Washington's policymakers were relieved. They had expected the rise to be worse. Indeed, many of them take high inflation for granted, which is the first step toward giving up the fight. They forget too easily that not too long ago 3% inflation was considered to be steep, 4% dangerous, 5% intolerable. Now experts chorus that the U.S. has an "underlying" inflation rate of at least 6%—intractable, indomitable, unassailable.

In fact, the inflation rate can—and must—be brought down. There is no mystery about what causes inflation: too many demands by too many people upon a limited amount of national wealth. The cure is more difficult to prescribe, but surely it involves discipline, limits, sacrifice. The means to retard inflation are economically feasible, but they are thought to be politically impractical. We know many of the ways; all we lack is the will.

The will is notably absent during election year, since any attack on inflation would hit at the privileges of specific interest groups, who threaten their fearsome counterattacks at the polls. But perhaps some politicians would be brave enough, and wise enough, to advocate steps that would earn the outrage of specific interests in the short run but gain the support of the inflation-strained majority over the longer haul. Among the steps that, taken together, could cut inflation:

**Reduce the Budget.** President Carter empty claims that his budget for the next fiscal year is "tight," although it has soared since 1974 from less than \$270 billion to more than \$500 billion, and the planned deficit will run an inflationary \$60 billion-plus for the second straight year. With the economy rising and unemployment falling, even Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal and the rest of Carter's closest economic advisers believe that the deficit should be contained. Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire, one of the Senate's best economic thinkers, argues that the budget should be shrunk to \$465 billion. At the very least, it could be reduced to \$480 billion by selective paring. If spending is brought down, the Government will be able to further cut personal and corporate taxes, which would offer the double benefit of strapping inflation and stimulating the economy. For invigorating the economy, lower taxes are more effective than higher Government spending.

**Curb Regulation.** The spreading powers of the Environmental Protection Agency, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and hundreds of other regulatory agencies aggravate inflation by adding to the budget and, more important, swelling the costs of doing business. One significant step would be to hold down the EPA's "enforcement" spending, which is budgeted to jump from \$73 million to almost \$95 million. Every dollar devoted to EPA "enforcement" obliges U.S. business to invest many more dollars on nonproductive machinery, which then raises prices, reduces productive capital spending and retards hiring.

**Restrain Social Security Benefits.** They are scheduled to rise fast in the years ahead. By trimming the benefits, the nation can also pare the scheduled increases in Social Security payroll taxes.

**Limit Federal Pay.** The Government's workers commonly collect more salary and fringes than private workers in comparable jobs, and federal pay is budgeted to increase 6% in the next fiscal year. If Carter succeeded in cutting that back to 5% or less, he would both reduce inflation in the federal payroll and gain moral authority to advocate similar restraint in private wages.

**Hold Down State Wages.** Having urged a reduction in federal pay increases, the President then could ask states and localities to hold raises for their employees to 5% or less.

**Cut Local Taxes.** If their projected wage increases were reduced, the states and cities could trim their sales, income or property taxes. Another reason for reduction: many states and localities are enjoying budget surpluses.

**Chop Farm Subsidies and Controls.** Federal farm aid has grown fourfold in the past two years, to an estimated \$7.9 billion, and the Senate passed a farm bill last month that will add \$120 to \$170 to the food bill of a family of four in the next fiscal year. As a counter to that expensive bill, President Carter last week recommended higher wheat subsidies and for the first time since the early 1970s offered corn and cotton subsidies to farmers who reduce plantings, which will surely raise food prices. There is no excuse for subsidies, despite some farmers' noisy threats of "strike." Farm prices have risen 13.9% since last September, and some food prices will shoot through the roof this spring because foul weather has badly hurt harvests of Soviet wheat and Brazilian soybeans.

**Repeal Inflationary Special-Interest Laws.** The Jones Act, which requires all goods moving between U.S. ports to travel aboard high-cost U.S. ships, has many inflationary consequences, including raising the price of Alaskan oil shipped to the West and Gulf Coasts. The Davis-Bacon Act, a relic of the Depression, swells construction costs by requiring, in effect, that union wages must be paid on all federally aided projects.

**Hold Back the Minimum Wage.** It jumped from \$2.30 to \$2.65 last January and is scheduled to rise to \$2.90 next January and \$3.35 in 1981. Besides being inflationary, the increases discourage hiring of the unskilled and the young.

**Freeze Executive Pay.** Federal Reserve Chief G. William Miller, who took a cut from \$400,000 to \$375,000 when he left the chairmanship of Textron, recommends that "top business executives demonstrate their leadership in the fight by holding down their own compensation." A one-year moratorium on raises by people earning, say, \$100,000 or more would not make much economic difference, but it might be worth something symbolically.

The weak and perilous course would be to surrender to inflation on the presumption that interest groups are just too strong and the nation's will is too weak to fight it. In fact, President Carter has given in to many of the constituencies, firing up inflation by calling for large jumps in welfare and urban spending, in farm subsidies and tariffs on imports as varied as sugar, TV sets and, just last week, CB radios. So long as the Administration appears to have round heels, self-seeking groups—from coal miners to steelmakers—will continue to press their inflationary desires.

The President has said that when he returns from his overseas trip this week, he will produce a comprehensive anti-inflation plan. His economic advisers urge him to take a tough stand by calling for a reduction of subsidies, regulations and the growth of spending. Clearly, the immediate risks would be outweighed by the ultimate rewards. If the U.S. reduces domestic inflation, the dollar will rise, import prices will decline, purchasing power will expand, interest rates will fall, housing will climb, profits will increase, the stock market will turn up, capital spending will swell, more jobs will be created and business will flourish. In sum, the small sacrifices made by special groups will lead to big benefits for all.

— Marshall Loeb



# Behavior

## When in Doubt, Do Your Worst

### Using paradoxical therapy

Wanda: You never say you love me.

Ralph: Gosh, you're right, honey. Now that I think of it, we've been married 14½ years, and I've never said it. I bet that's a record. (Reaches for *Guinness Book of World Records*.)

Wanda: You think I'm overweight.

Ralph: Understatement will get you nowhere, ducky. Actually, you are one of the most revoltingly pudgy people ever to waddle the face of the earth.

Wanda (startled): Ralph! You've been pecking at the Don Rickles reruns during my TM time!

Ralph: No, dear, we're having a therapeutic encounter. What I'm using on you is a form of "paradoxical intention." Victor Frankl, one of the heavyweights in humanistic psychology, thought up the idea in the 1930s. Nowadays, Dr. Allen Fay, a Manhattan shrink, calls it *Making Things Better by Making Them Worse*. That's the name of his new book.

Wanda: Oh, God, not another therapy! I admit I felt good when the nude marathon group called me a beautiful human being. But my six Primals were no fun, and after est pointed out that I was a turkey, it was all I could do to become my own best friend. Do we have to go on with this, Ralph?

Ralph: This is the real thing, sweetie. It's really a kind of psychic judo. When people behave badly, don't argue or complain. Just agree with everything they say or do, and exaggerate it. If a wife keeps saying, "You're just like my mother!" the husband is supposed to reply, "I've been meaning to talk to you about that. Can you lend me one of your brassieres?"

Wanda: What's the point?

Ralph: If the overbearing wife can relax and laugh at herself, she will probably stop riding her husband. Dr. Fay says that "negative and destructive feelings are being converted into warm, positive feelings of joy through the breaking of tension and the promotion of laughter." When a patient threatens suicide and Dr. Fay thinks it's a game, he tells the person to go right ahead because it will help solve the overpopulation problem. Another doctor, John Rosen, once told a patient, "If you ever try suicide again, I'll kill you."

Wanda: Gee, that sounds like overkill to me. Why not call it "Heavy Teasing Therapy"?

Ralph: Very funny, Wanda, but we both know this is serious stuff. One doctor used the technique on a mental patient who thought he was Jesus Christ. Instead of arguing, the doctor told him, "I understand you have had experience

as a carpenter." Well, he'd hit the nail on the head. Before long, the patient was building a bookcase and turned out to be a good worker.

Wanda: But was he cured?

Ralph: That's not the point, Wanda. The technique isn't very good on schizophrenia. But Frankl says that 75% of his patients showed improvement with paradoxical intention. It's easy to use on yourself. If you're a stutterer, for instance, try hard to stammer all the time. If you fear rejection from women, proposition 20 or 30 and try to get rejected. It helps. And do you know what to do if someone gives you a long, boring lecture and won't let you get a word in edgewise? You just...

Wanda: Wait a minute, Ralph, let me get a pencil and paper. I don't want to miss a word of this!

Ralph: That's it, Wanda! Say, are you sure you haven't read this book?

Wanda: Not a word, Ralph. But I sure want to thank you for telling me about it.

Ralph: It was nothing, Wanda.

Wanda: I know. I just thought I'd spare your feelings and not tell you how silly you sound.

Ralph: I think our marriage is coming apart.

Wanda: I'll go get some glue. (Exits, in search of Elmer's.)

— John Leo

## Fantasy Parents

### Foster kids need their real kin

Playwright Edward Albee is an adopted son, a fact that may well be reflected in his scripts. One psychoanalytic critique of Albee's bitter play *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* claims that the drama is actually an imagined confronta-

tation between Albee's natural and adoptive parents. Indeed, psychological studies show that adoptees are often obsessed by fantasies about their missing biological parents. Now a new report finds that these fanciful illusions can damage not only adoptees but also even children temporarily placed in foster homes.

Professors of Social Work David Fanshel of Columbia University and Eugene B. Shinn of Manhattan's Hunter College spent five years studying 624 foster children, many of whom had been abused, abandoned or neglected by their natural parents. In their book *Children in Foster Care*, Fanshel and Shinn report that youngsters who were never visited by their real parents in the foster homes showed greater emotional turmoil than those who were, as well as some declines in their IQ scores. But children who were seen at least occasionally by their real parents seemed far less troubled in their new settings. Conclude the researchers: "It is better for the child to have to cope with real parents who are obviously flawed... than to reckon with fantasy parents who play an undermining role on the deeper level of the child's subconscious."

Though loving foster parents may seem to make up for the missing biological kin, Fanshel and Shinn explain, "on a deeper level, the abandonment by natural parents can impose a profound sense of loss, and the child's ease with himself can be markedly impaired." The authors concede that children who stay in foster care a long time have difficulty coping with a double set of parents. For this reason, some experts have recommended that foster parents be allowed to bar visits by real parents. But, warn Fanshel and Shinn, a "cavalier readiness" to drum natural parents out of a youngster's life is both unfair to them and dangerous to the child.



Four-month-old baby cuddled jointly by natural mother (left) and foster mother. Flawed reality rather than fanciful illusion.



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# Education

## High Spirits at Brew U.

*In California, beer and wine courses can lead to heady jobs*

The sun is shining, the quarter is almost over and an enterprising band of seniors at the University of California at Davis is merrily quaffing homemade ale amidst the beakers and burners of a science lab. But wait. One of them is throwing his brew down the nearest sink. Has the ale addled his head? Have the suds gone stale?

Neither. The group is really hard at work. They are part of an 18-member malting and brewing science lab class that has just tasted and discarded a conditioned-in-the-bottle ale. The only college course on brewing in the U.S., the lab comes under the auspices of Davis' food-science department, itself part of the university's highly touted agricultural college. Beer posters adorn the walls and beer bottles crowd the shelves, but brewing is no frothy business here. Only students who have taken biochemistry, microbiology and the like can take the fall lecture course and the lab work that follows it.

The brew crew spends its days monitoring the spigots of a miniature brewery that looms like some Rube Goldberg creation in their Cruess Hall lab. After breaking down 20 commercial beers chemically, the students then create their own original product. Fruits of this term's efforts: a barley wine, a dark German-type beer and a low-carbohydrate model. But both state laws and college custom decree that all potions be discarded after

taste tests. "Sentence one, day one: there will be no abuses," says Microbiologist Michael Lewis, a ruddy-faced Welshman who has taught the course since 1964.

Not far from Cruess Hall, Dinsmoor Webb, a trained chemist, heads an even bubblier enterprise: Davis' 98-year-old program of viticulture (grape production) and oenology (wine-making technology), the foremost facility and oldest department in the country.\* A diminutive figure who sports dashing mixes of plaid shirts, tweed jackets and velvet bow ties, Webb reigns over 150 grape-growing acres, 14 faculty members and 155 students, all of whom have completed chemistry, physics and engineering courses before specializing in viticulture or oenology. "I think they should have a little French," says Webb, "but we don't require a foreign language any more."

Webb's domain extends underground to a huge wine cellar where some 95,000 bottles of student wine are aging gracefully. Like the beer, alas, all 95,000 bottles will go right down the drain once a panel of faculty and staff has rated their taste and bouquet. Along with such courses as "analysis of musts and wines" and "wine production," Davis offers a course on "sensory evaluation." But its strictly

\*Among others, the California State University at Fresno and Cornell also offer viticulture and oenology courses, and support research.

scientific approach sets it apart from the wine-appreciation courses that have germinated on some 300 U.S. campuses.

To Webb's oenology students, wine is not the "blushful Hippocrene" extolled by Keats but a complicated blend of ethyl alcohol, polyphenols and a hundred other compounds that must be subjected to decidedly unromantic analysis. At the moment, the department is trying to aid the time-honored sniff, sip and taste method of judging wines with a computer system that would analyze and rate mathematically the blend of compounds in wine.

Some of the brewing students are oenology majors who are merely moonlighting in beer. But others plan careers in brewery-production management. With the U.S. consuming about \$17 billion worth of beer this year, jobs abound. "Starting pay in the beer industry has high as \$18,600" is often double what winery pay would be," says Senior Greg Walter. Yet wine students are confident of fruitful futures. After all, the alumni list of Davis oenology students reads like a who's who of the California wine industry: Martini, Mondavi, Wente. Which goes to prove that Bacchus is good business. ■

## Handy Guide for The Autodidact

*How to hit the books at home*

Ever regret passing up that course in anthropology or art history? *College on Your Own* (Bantam; \$6.95), a new 417-page anthology of college reading lists, offers a second chance to set out on all those roads not taken, in or out of college. Compiled by Gail Thain Parker, former president of Bennington College, and veteran Guidebook Author Gene R. Hawes, the book is an intellectual Whitman's Sampler. The reading lists have been approved by some 20 professors at leading colleges. Their fields range from such traditional disciplines as art history, English literature and mathematics to such newer areas as film, black American history and women's studies. Sample topics: Oceanic art, the Gilded Age, psychosis.

The book can be used for profit as well as pastime. For people who need a degree for job advancement, *College on Your Own* advises how to use the 1,700 or so colleges and universities (including Cornell and West Point) that grant credit for independent study. Most credits are based on test scores from the College-Level Examination Program (C.L.E.P.), and the authors believe that the reading lists in *College on Your Own* provide a good preparation. Says Parker, who taught history and literature at Harvard before she became an administrator: "We must not be misled by snobbery into thinking that there is only one way to become educated." ■



Dinsmoor Webb (center) and students tasting a 35-year-old sherry in Davis' cellar. Those 95,000 bottles of wine on the walls will all go right down the drain.

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## There's a lot of News in Olds today.







Richard Dreyfuss takes a stab at playing Shakespeare as the "absolutely sympathetic" Cassius to George Rose's Julius Caesar

## People

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend him your ears. After almost 20 years of yearning to play Shakespeare, **Richard Dreyfuss** got his big chance in *The Goodbye Girl*, portraying an outlandishly gay Richard III—the King as a queen. This time, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Dreyfuss is playing Shakespeare straight: he is Cassius to **George Rose's** Julius Caesar. Dreyfuss, who has a hankering to be a history teacher, has thought a lot about his roles. Richard III, he feels, was one of the most wonderful of English Kings and needs rehabilitating. As for Cassius, "he is an absolutely sympathetic character. He did not hate Caesar. Rather he wanted to re-establish the republic." One reason Dreyfuss has always wanted to play Cassius: "He is the smartest man in the play."

■  
Speed: average. Throwing arm: mediocre. Potential: may have started too late to make it. Such a rating from a major-league batting instructor might cause some ballplayers to hang up their gloves. But in this case

the instructor was **Mickey Mantle** and the player, **Mickey Mantle Jr.**, who at 23 wants to give baseball "my best shot." Mickey Jr. played for a Florida military academy in his teens, but feeling that he was "too immature to cope with the pressures of being Mickey Mantle's son," went off to sell insurance in Dallas. Now trying out for a Yankee farm-club team in Hollywood, Fla., he hopes to

make up for lost time. So does his dad. "I was never around to work with him. I was always away," says Mantle Sr., 46. "But if he had had my dad teaching him and working him like he did me, he would be good."

■  
Reporter: "I hear you don't give interviews." Subject: "I don't. You have an exception."



For Mickey Mantle Jr., some fatherly advice during spring training

End of conversation. America's last known billionaire, the reclusive **Daniel K. Ludwig**, 80, who scraped together \$25 at the age of nine to buy a sunken boat and now operates one of the world's largest shipping fleets, made a rare public appearance last week in Richmond, Va. The occasion was the transfer to the state of Virginia of Leesylvania, a 485-acre tract once in the hands of the **Robert E. Lee** family and later purchased by the Ludwig-controlled American-Hawaiian Steamship Co. Said Ludwig at the ceremony: "I think the people of Virginia are entitled to one of the nicest possible parks in the United States. It is close to the Potomac, and it is close to the seat of some of our troubles and some of the action." End of speech.

■  
"When they told me I was going to make a screen test, I asked if the test would be true-false or multiple choice," recalls the 1976 Olympic decathlon champion **Bruce Jenner**. So far, Jenner hasn't made it to the movie screen, but he is still



Spoofig James Bond, Jenner gyrates on ice in a TV special

high on show business. Lacing on skates instead of running shoes, he sings and cavorts with fellow Olympic Star **Dorothy Hamill** on her April 28 ABC special. In one sequence he does a James Bond routine and brandishes a smoking umbrella. "He was really a lot of fun to work with. He made me feel relaxed," says Hamill. Which helped during a mishap. Instead of being lifted straight up on harnesses for a "flying" number, Jenner and Hamill tipped over once they were airborne, becoming ungainly free-floating mobiles. Both preferred their ice capades.

No 21-gun salutes or state dinners at the White House. Oh, there was a private talk with **President Carter** and **Vice President Mondale** and a party at the British Embassy. But then **Prime Minister James Callaghan** was free to indulge himself: playing grandfather to Tamsin, 12, Alice, 9, and Patrick, 6. The P.M. with Wife **Audrey** had slipped quietly into

Washington for their first visit with the children, their daughter **Margaret** and son-in-law **Peter Jay** since Jay became Britain's Ambassador to the U.S. last July. The family trooped off to see the Air and Space Museum, went sailing on Chesapeake Bay, and picnicked on the grass at Monticello. Said Margaret: "We

were having a very jolly time. I don't think people recognized my father, which was rather nice."

His father **Gene** was a world heavyweight champion and his wife **Kathinka** a Swedish skier in the 1962 world championships. No wonder former California Senator **John Tunney** has a special love of sports. He also has a law degree and a friend who asked his help in getting the U.S. license for the 1980 Moscow Olympics logo—a Russian bear named **Misha**. After months of telexing messages to Moscow, Tunney got the license, and presto, he and his friend have exclusive rights in the Western Hemisphere to promote the Olympics. On the drawing board: Olympic T-shirts, buckles, decals and posters, as well as special lotteries, sweepstakes and shopping-center tours by a dwarf dressed to look like **Misha**. Will Tunney, 43, use the big bucks from the project to finance a political comeback? Flashing what has been called the second best set of teeth in politics, he declares: "I'm keeping that option open."

**Maria Shriver** has stumped for Uncle **Ted Kennedy** and Father **Sargent Shriver**, but these days she is wooing viewers, not voters. Maria, 22, is the assistant producer for a feature segment of the nightly news show on Philadelphia's KYW-TV. "I've tried to keep a low profile. I wanted to be accepted by my colleagues, to show them I could in fact work," says Maria, who graduated last spring



Producer Shriver on the job

from Washington's Georgetown University. She sees TV as a way of bringing social problems, like those in Appalachia and Watts, to public attention, and she thinks she can do this better as a producer than an on-air personality. "I don't think of myself as the next **Barbara Walters**," Maria explains. "I'd prefer to be the next **Roone Arledge**."

## On the Record

**Rosalynn Carter** on her husband's buying habits: "Unless someone tells him, he has no idea about prices. He told me the other day he needed some shirts... and he got out the Sears catalogue to look at them and see how much they cost."

**Irving Wallace**, whose wife, son and daughter are also published authors: "The housekeeper is writing a book, and now my secretary is working on a novel."

**Edward Gorey**, illustrator and set designer (*Dracula*): "I think style chooses you. If I could choose, I would draw like Rembrandt. He could turn a splotch into a landscape."

**Willie Hamilton**, British Labor Party M.P., on Princess Margaret and her involvement with Pop Singer **Roddy Llewellyn**: "It has turned her into a punk royal."

**S.J. Perelman**, humorist, on the feminist novel: "The ladies all seem intent on trying to outdo **Fanny Hill**."



Playing grandpa instead of politics, Callaghan slips into Washington

# Theater



Seven electric eels in 14 nailed-down clogs sway and swivel in *Dancin'*

## Corybantic Rites on Broadway

*DANCIN'* Directed and Choreographed by Bob Fosse



Bob Fosse

A musical lives by the book or dies by the book. What Bob Fosse proves in *Dancin'* is that regardless of driving energy, exquisite symmetry of motion and flawless execution, a musical bereft of a book is stillborn. Watching

*Dancin'* is like watching the tentacles of an octopus expertly coiling and uncoiling around a nonexistent object.

Quite apart from the absence of any narrative line in the show, the dances lack any internal cohesion of theme. They follow each other like soldiers of fortune, some dashing, some indifferent and some gross. No new score is offered, and the numbers are set to music as diverse as that of J.S. Bach and John Philip Sousa, Johnny Mercer and Neil Diamond, among others. The show's dithyrambic peak, "Benny's Number," is scaled with the percussive aid of Louis Prima's *Sing, Sing, Sing*.

Justice would not be served if any of the dancers were to be called anything less than marvelous. These are Corybants who might have flocked in the pagan train of Cybele. Nonetheless, apart from Ann Reinking and probably Wayne Cilento, the dancers seem locked into Fosse's drill-master perfectionism so that they cannot break out to those moments of individuality and felt emotion that might touch an audience's heart in addition to compelling its admiration.

Since *Dancin'* is Fosse writ large, it is a definitive summation of his style,

strengths and weaknesses. Technically, Fosse tends to favor the pelvic thrust, the rapidly undulating behind, the body shimmy, the quick, alternating shoulder dip, the swiveling head and the massed chorus strut complete with very high kicks. Out of the fusion of these movements, Fosse has won his crown as the choreographer-king of sensuality.

One sometimes feels that he might have aided Freud in exploring further subbasements of the id. However, the effects are too explicit to be truly erotic. In sequences of simulated copulation, such

as "The Dream Barre" and a pot-induced orgy called "Joint Endeavor," a playgoer may have the distasteful and disconcerting sensation that he has been cast as a practicing voyeur. This, indeed, is the underlying trouble with much of *Dancin'*. It is as if a parade of fertility rites were under way, always titillating on the surface but devoid of any celebration of life. A guarded cynicism pervades Fosse's work, as if to immunize everyone against the intermittent pain and occasional ecstasy of naked human feeling.

With regard to nakedness, Willa Kim's costumes may be the next better thing. They seem to seduce the bodies to which they so suggestively cling. Jules Fisher's lighting, like the hand of a master painter, seems to turn those same bodies into efflorescent still lifes even when they are in dynamic motion.

In a show in which sentiment is in short supply, the number "Recollections of an Old Dancer" is a finely wrought exception. Done to the song *Mr. Bojangles*, it captures the wrenching effect of advanced age for a dancer, together with the agelessness of the spirit of dance. Another standout is an amusing stunt number called "Fourteen Feet," which might have been titled "Look Ma, No Feet!" Seven dancers implant their feet in nailed-down clogs and proceed to sway, shake and swivel. At one point the lighting transforms them into electric eels. Electric they are.

The magnetic pivot of the evening is Ann Reinking. She is the incarnation of what used to be called the long-stemmed American beauty. Dance seems to be not only her language but also her manifest and incandescent destiny. Ann Reinking is terpsiglorious. — T.E. Kalem



In the show's opening sequence, driving energy and an exquisite symmetry of motion  
The coiling tentacles of an octopus in search of an object.

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# Books

## For Better and for Worse

A PLACE FOR NOAH by Josh Greenfeld  
Holt, Rinehart & Winston; 310 pages; \$10

Lesson one for writers: write about what you know. Lesson two: don't be surprised if you would rather not have known what you wrote about. In 1966 Josh Greenfeld, novelist, playwright and screenwriter (*Harry and Tonto*), and his Japanese-born wife Fumi had their second child. They named the infant Noah. At the time, Greenfeld was attracting attention as a resolutely independent journalist, and a critic with a nose for new talent, and a style that cut effortlessly through literary baloney. Fumi was cultivating her own career as a painter, and together the Greenfelds looked forward

alone. "Have a crazy kid," wrote Josh, "and get to understand the gut meaning of a society."

That conclusion appeared in *A Child Called Noah* (1972). Greenfeld's hypnotic day-by-day account of how a family survives and continues to love under the pressures of caring for a brain-damaged child. In 200 pages of brief takes, Greenfeld created a whole familial world. *A Place for Noah* is a sequel to that earlier diary, and together the two books are a contemporary classic that directly transmits the experience, emotions, conflicts, practical difficulties and even the humor that can

But the question that the Greenfelds ask themselves constantly is just how long Noah can stay. The answer is put off day by day. Entry for Jan. 2, 1976: "If Fumi or I became ill, for example, he would have to go. But right now we do enjoy Noah, as a love object, as a living presence, ... I think everyone has a Noah, something dear and treasured that will be foreclosed too soon. Only ours is of our blood and tissue."

This private truth has made Greenfeld more sensitive to our common human feelings than most American men would choose to be. In spite of this his diary is never sentimental, self-pitying or gratuitously bitter. His anger at medical and educational bureaucracies, even at a fate that has dealt him what he calls "the joker in the bourgeois deck," is always tempered by stoic irony. "Instead of being a driven writer," he notes, "I have become a driving writer." Entry for Sept. 22, 1976, two days after Greenfeld's play *I Have a Dream* opened to rave reviews on Broadway: "It's a good thing I did not go into New York. This morning Fumi complained of a severe toothache. So after driving Noah to school I had to take her to our dentist in Venice. He referred



The Greenfeld family, Karl, Josh, Noah and Fumi, at home in Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Surviving and loving after being dealt "the joker in the bourgeois deck."

to lives rich in individual achievements and family pleasures.

Then, at 2½, Noah stopped talking. He seemed to have slipped his worldly moorings and drifted into an uncharted inland sea. No one could follow him. Physicians concluded that the boy suffered from autism, a variety of schizophrenia that literally means self-involved.

The diagnosis explained everything and nothing. Meanwhile, the Greenfelds forgot what it was like to have an uninterrupted night's sleep. Their mops and washing machine were going constantly, cleaning up after a child who resisted toilet training.

Josh and Fumi made the medical rounds, only to have hopes replaced by cold facts: Noah was incurably brain damaged; more experts were interested in scientific and career concerns than in the child's plight; state institutions were poorly run dumping grounds. Ultimately, the Greenfelds acknowledged the problem that was basically theirs

attend such a domestic tragedy. Entry for March 5, 1973: "Last night we had Chinese food. Noah's fortune cookie: 'A little conversation can remove great hindrances. Try it.'"

He couldn't. Noah still behaves like a two-year-old. Outwardly he is a sturdy, beautiful child. Internally he seems to be operating on a simple on-off switch. Mostly it is off. July 3, 1975: "Last night was a lie-around-the-den night. And Noah took part in it. He just loves it when the rest of us are also not doing anything. After all, not doing anything is his 'thing.' Sometimes he chirps and croons to himself. As his brother Karl, 13, wrote in a poem a few years ago:

Noah Noah everywhere  
he goes around just like air.  
And when you hear his sacred tune  
you know he'll come around the room.  
And when he comes to stay  
he will stay his way.

### Excerpt

February 27, 1973  
"Today is my birthday, that seemingly milestone year of forty-five. But it does not seem a milestone at all to me. I see no great dividing line in my life unless it is the day we do the inevitable and send Noah away. The other night I told Karl we might have to find a place for Noah soon. 'I like Noah,' Karl said, 'He can always stay in my room.'"

January 7, 1975  
At this point let me be honest with myself: What is my attitude toward Noah? How do I view him? I think, put simply, I view him as a responsibility, someone I have to take care of—almost like a job that has to be done. Because if we don't do the job, who will? It's our job by elimination. And I mean job, just a job. I am no job and Noah is no great affliction and neither of us is part of any cosmic test—or otherworldly joke.

May 23, 1976  
How I love Noah. A love beyond sex. A love beyond need. A love based on service. A love in fact. He can be so endearing—putting his face up to mine to be kissed. I guess every pet has its wiles. But he is my pet.

# Newport

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## Books

her to a dental surgeon in Brentwood. We drove there and had the tooth extracted. Then in the afternoon the taxi company neglected to pick up our Day Care children. So I had to ferry them to our site in Santa Monica. When I returned home I found Karl waiting for me to take him to the Palisades shopping section so he could buy a jockstrap for gym and sign up for drum lessons. After that, it was back to Santa Monica to pick up Noah. Being a Broadway playwright is not all it's cracked up to be."

It is almost impossible to imagine readers of this book who would not make a special place for Noah and more room for their own children. —R.Z. Sheppard

The house at the end of the street in Pacific Palisades is an unpretentious single-level ranch with requisite car port. The torrents of rain that recently fell on Southern California have turned the lawn AstroTurf green. Strawberries, one of Noah's occasional words, are ripening along the walk that leads to the front door.

"We take off our shoes before entering," says Fumi Greenfield in a pronounced Japanese accent. She weighs only 95 lbs., but she is not frail. Her hair is touched with gray, yet youthful energy and intelligence snap from her eyes. One is reminded of an enduring, middle-aged heroine in a Kurosawa film.

Seated at the kitchen table reading the sports page and drinking beer, Josh, 50, forms a timeless tableau of the New York apartment dweller. Noah watches with a distant curiosity from the living room couch. The next moment he has vanished, but one can hear him crooning excitedly. "He is having prepublication jitters," says Greenfield.

It is the kind of spontaneous, left-field humor he is known for. An active coast-to-coast telephone caller, Greenfield scatters his one-liners like electronic appleseeds. Why do Californians get up with the sun? "They don't know how to hang drapes." He is credited with an inspired description of New Jersey ("It looks like the back of an old radio") and with putting Hollywood's pretensions into perspective with the observation that "cinema is a form of Danish." His wit can contain practical advice. To someone seeking top dollar for the sale of his Malibu house, he suggested that they display gold records on the wall. Realtors in Los Angeles like their properties to have a credit. The Greenfields once rented a place that had been leased to Carroll O'Connor before he became Archie Bunker. "Which," says Josh, "shows where we fit in." Writer John Gregory Dunne sees him as the Samuel Pepys of A T & T, "a telephone plugged permanently into his ear, bringing news of the venal and the absurd, for both of which he has perfect pitch, from all the far-flung outposts and hill stations of the writer's world."

For someone kept close to home by a

brain-damaged child, Greenfield has contacts throughout the literary community. He not only has known Norman Mailer and Philip Roth for many years, he has also met their mothers. He knew Richard Wright in Paris, met Norman Podhoretz in the latrine at Fort Dix and even has a tenuous connection to J.D. Salinger. Greenfield and the hermitic writer used to cash their checks at the same Greenwich Village liquor store.

Born in Malden, Mass., raised in Brooklyn, and educated at the University of Michigan, Greenfield set his course for a playwright's career. "I had a play produced off-Broadway before there was an off-Broadway," he notes. It was about an Italian boxer who kills his brother. "It



Josh and Noah clowning at the kitchen table

Not doing anything is his thing.

had cosmic overtones, a mixture of *Antigone*, *Golden Boy* and the last Arthur Miller play I had seen." In 1959 Greenfield's *Clandestine on the Morning Line* was produced by the Ford Foundation. "Brooks Atkinson," he recalls, "said it was funny but lacked substance."

Fumi's painting career has been deflected by Noah's care, though she has blossomed as a writer. She has published a book in Japan that compares the educational systems of East and West, and she recently completed a novel about a Japanese woman living in Southern California.

For Greenfield, 1978 is "the year of the sequel." In addition to the second Noah book, he is writing the script for another George Burns *Oh, God!* film (the screenplay for Part I was written by Larry Gelbart). Says Greenfield: "The studio told me, 'The concept of God is assigned material,' and I would have to make up the rest." As a film writer, Greenfield had an early success when he was an Academy Award nominee for the script of *Harry and Tonto*. "I modeled the plot on King Lear," he says,

"and put the cat in so the old man would have somebody to talk to. I was going to use a dog, but a dog would have stolen the picture."

Greenfield writes in a small, phoneless office over a bank on the main street in Pacific Palisades. "It's a full-service bank. I use their Xerox machine, and in an emergency the branch manager takes messages." The writing day can often be interrupted by the need to pick up Noah at his special school or drive him to the day care center that Fumi organized and directs as a volunteer. For a writer it is sometimes an untenable position. "But then," says Greenfield, "life itself is an untenable position."

## Gaggle of Googs

THE GUGGENHEIMS:  
AN AMERICAN EPIC

by John H. Davis

Morrow; 608 pages; \$14.95

Like many patriarchs, Meyer Guggenheim loved to speak to his family in maxims. One was: "Roasted pigeons do not fly into one's mouth." Another required a little elaboration. Pulling out a bundle of seven sticks, one representing each son, he asked each to break it. When none could, Meyer pressed his point: "Together you are invincible. Singly, each of you may be easily broken. Stay together, my sons, and the world will be yours."

The lessons were not lost. Together, the Guggenheim sons—Isaac, Daniel, Murry, Solomon, Benjamin, Simon and William—made much of the world there. Building on the medium-size fortune left them by Meyer, a Swiss Jew who had immigrated to the U.S. in 1848, the seven sons stood fast to create the greatest mining empire of their time. With boldness and flair, they laid a railroad across moving glaciers to gouge out a mountain of copper in Alaska. They built a modern port and a 55-mile-long aqueduct to seize another copper mountain in the Chilean Andes. They raised the family flag over tin in Bolivia, silver and lead in Mexico, diamonds in the Congo. By the outbreak of World War I, they controlled 75% to 80% of all the silver, copper and lead in the world.

The Guggenheims, or the "Googs," as they were condescendingly labeled by New York's older, more staid Jewish families, exploited people as ruthlessly as they did minerals. Yet they could also be uncommonly generous, and before they exhausted their funds and energies, they set new standards for imaginative philanthropy. A list of their legacies includes the Guggenheim fellowships, Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum, and foundations that helped finance Robert Goddard's pioneering rocket research and the Leakey family's exploration into the origins of man.

Author John H. Davis has discovered



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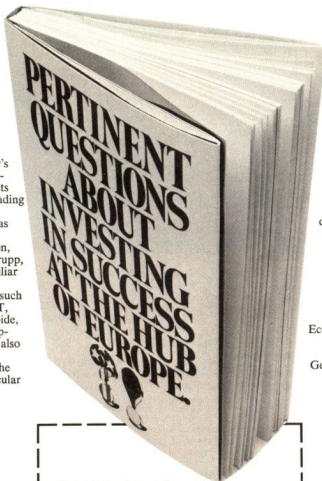
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Photo above shows (from left) F. Gregory Opelka, executive vice president; Barbara Urban, assistant secretary; George M. Briody Jr.; Jerome Serak; and

Albert J. Schorsch Jr., president of Schorsch Realty and Construction, Inc., general contractors who built Fairfield's new office.

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## Books

in the Guggenheims his own rich vein of biography; his book fails only in the leaden prose. But Davis' unerring eye for anecdotes surmounts most stylistic obstacles and makes *The Guggenheims* a consistently fascinating saga.

Of all the brothers only Isaac was a bore. Simon bought his way into the Senate, where as a Republican from Colorado he spoke against "cheap Spanish lead and also the Australian lead." Benjamin, the charming rake, went down on the *Titanic*, changing into evening clothes for the event. William, another wastrel, named the principal rooms in his house after the metals on which his fortune was based; the Salon d'Or was reserved for love, Solomon, who kept a suite at Manhattan's Plaza Hotel, gave the doorman \$1,000 tips so that he could keep his Pierce-Arrow parked permanently near the door, and once gave the captain of an ocean liner \$10,000 to turn around in the English Channel and go back for his daughter, who had missed the sailing.

Once blessed by luck in almost every business enterprise, the Guggenheims later lost their magical touch. The family story was like the Rothschilds' in reverse: a third-generation Guggenheim, M. Robert, distinguished himself as Ambassador to Portugal by flipping a spoon down at a guest's cleavage at a state dinner, then attempting to fish it out. Lisbon declared him *persona non grata*. Many lost all purpose, several died young, and a disproportionate number committed suicide. Simon's son George, for instance, bought a big-game rifle at Abercrombie & Fitch, checked into a hotel, and shot himself in the head. Pegeen Vail, Benjamin's beautiful and talented granddaughter, took an overdose of sleeping pills in Paris.

Some Guggenheim descendants have fared better, of course. Peggy Guggenheim

was the patron of modern artists like Jackson Pollock, and with relatively small funds she has lined the walls of her Venice palazzo with one of the world's greatest collections of modern art. Roger Straus Jr. runs one of the country's best publishing houses, Farrar, Straus & Giroux; and Iris Love has won fame as an archaeologist. For the most part, however, the old Guggenheim daring has disappeared, and the family fortune, divided and divided again by succeeding generations, was made smaller still by nationalistic foreign governments that demanded more of the swag from their minerals.

Once the Guggenheims were the richest Jewish family in the U.S. Today, no males who bear the family's name still practice Judaism. Solomon's grandson, who now heads the shrunken business empire, is an Episcopalian with an archetypically WASPish name, Peter Lawson-Johnston. Meyer was right. His famous bundle was scattered by history, and the name Guggenheim is now celebrated only on the doors of museums and foundation offices.

—Gerald Clarke

## Looking Up

ON MOUNTAINS:  
THINKING ABOUT TERRAIN

by John Jerome  
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich  
262 pages; \$8.95

Last year John Jerome became a counterculture hero with the publication of *Truck*, an earthy account of his yearlong effort to rehabilitate a 1950 Dodge pickup. Now he turns his restive mind to loftier topics. *On Mountains* wittily bypasses the customary because-it-is-there rationale to examine the fascination and terror of peaks and promontories.

Jerome grew up in Houston, 50 ft. above sea level. He saw no real mountains until his late teens. Once he did, he was hooked. As he notes, those who are raised in hill country frequently take mountains for granted, as the Swiss did until they realized that other Europeans would pay to climb and ski (and occasionally fall off) their peaks. Others may be terrified of heights, like the 14th-century travelers who went through the Alps blindfolded, lest the horrors of the tortuous scenery drive them mad.

But most flatlanders find that mountains stimulate both imagination and curiosity. Looking at pinnacles never seems to be enough; sooner or later, mountain gazers begin to wonder if there is room at the top.

Those who have made an ascent—whether to the top of the Matterhorn or to the less rarefied heights of a 1,000-ft. peak in their nearest state park—are likely to agree with Jerome's paeans to the joys of topography. "Wonder and delight await, up there," he says. So does "elbowroom for the soul." Even those who

have never left sea level will enjoy the author's lofty musings. Jerome points out that a range like the Himalayas is still growing (Everest may be more than a foot harder to climb in a hundred years than it is today) and explains mountain weather with a clarity some science writers would do well to emulate. He speaks knowledgeably of avalanches, snow and the life that lives on mountains—from lemmings and insects to the snowmen, abominable and otherwise, who find everything from adventure to a quiet home in the stratosphere.

Some insist that climbing brings man closer to God. Jerome is not sure. But he does believe that mountains help man to appreciate both his planet and himself. "Gradient is the elixir of youth," declares a geologist, and he may be right. Flatlands, worn down to sea level by gravity and the forces of time, are old, almost senile. Mountains, no matter how ancient, are new and dynamic. No one can spend much time with them—or with Jerome's high-minded volume—without feeling the same way.

—Peter Stoler

## Editors' Choice

**FICTION:** Daniel Martin, *John Fowles*  
The Human Factor, *Graham Greene* • Kalki, *Gore Vidal* • Song of Solomon, *Toni Morrison*

**NONFICTION:** Coming into the Country, *John McPhee* • Dispatches, *Michael Herr* • Dulles, *Leonard Mosley* • A Species of Eternity, *Joseph Kastner* • A Young Man in Search of Love, *Isaac Bashevis Singer*

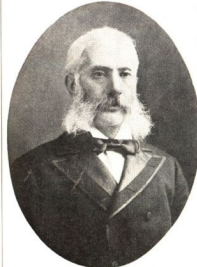
## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. *Blindline*, Sheldon (1 last week)
2. *Scruples*, Krantz (4)
3. *The Thorn Birds*, McCullough (2)
4. *The Honourable Schoolboy*, Le Carré (7)
5. *The Silmarillion*, Tolkien (3)
6. *The Black Marble*, Wambaugh (5)
7. *The Human Factor*, Greene (6)
8. *The Women's Room*, French (9)
9. *Whistle*, Jones
10. *A Stranger Is Watching*, Clark

### NONFICTION

1. *The Complete Book of Running*, Fixx (1)
2. *The Ends of Power*, Haldeman with DiMona (2)
3. *My Mother/My Self*, Friday (3)
4. *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need*, Tobias (6)
5. *The Amityville Horror*, Anson (4)
6. *All Things Wise and Wonderful*, Herriot (8)
7. *Looking Out for #1*, Ringer (9)
8. *The Second Ring of Power*, Castaneda (5)
9. *Gnomes, Hyggen & Poortvliet* (7)
10. *Coming into the Country*, McPhee



Turn-of-century photo of Meyer Guggenheim  
Pigeons do not fly into one's mouth.

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## **Resource recovery pays in New Orleans**

New Orleans recently opened a sophisticated resource recovery plant that handles 650 tons of trash daily. It recovers steel (mainly from steel cans), and other metals and glass for recycling and reuse. And there are plans to convert burnable trash into a fuel supplement.

## **It pays in Ames, Iowa**

This Midwestern city of 45,000 earns nearly a half-million dollars each year by selling its steel scrap and a fuel supplement derived from

its solid waste. The steel is sold to a "detinner" who extracts the tin, and then it goes to a steel mill where it's recycled to make new steel. Ames' earnings go into the city's general fund to help pay for solid waste disposal.

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Today's technology is making resource recovery work—and pay. If your community isn't now involved, it can't afford *not* to be much longer.

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# Living

## Small Appliances, Big Headache

Getting them fixed is Catch-22 (A-Z)

Every so often each year there occurs a self-bestowed Christmas in the American home. A package arrives. The eager family gathers round to rip it open. Instead of "Blessings from Gran," the enclosed billet-doux reads:

Dear Purchaser: You are now the Proud Owner of new, multipurpose Magico-Duzzit (Model 22-A). Please fill out enclosed warranty form (22-B) and return to manufacturer. To ensure that said appliance performs according to mfr.'s speci-

fications to fix small appliances. There, after waiting meekly in line for an hour or so, he/she sets Magico on a counter for the disdainful inspection of a stern young man who might be an oral surgeon or IRS agent *manqué* (22-J). Inspector will variously diagnose the appliance (22-K to 22-Z) as klunky, a lemon, mismanufactured, non-functioning, off-brand, plastic, quirky, rachitic, substandard, tinny, unredeemable, valueless, wonky, X-rated, Why-Fix-It? and zapped already.

Then, in exchange for a \$20 deposit, the diagnostician may consent to attempt to repair the \$30 appliance.

It is not simple folklore that most small appliances are not as sturdily made as they used to be, or that getting defective ones repaired can be a multi-Excedrin headache. Says John Lavezzo, who has maintained a one-man, two-room, three-telephone Fix-It Shop in Boston for 39 years: "Today they don't want you to repair things. They want you to buy 'em, use 'em and throw 'em away." He and other seasoned repairmen say that the substitution of brittle plastics for metal makes many machines more breakdown-prone, and they blame some of the problems of repair on the use of spot welding or riveting in place of labor-expensive screws.

In all fairness to the manufacturers, repairers point out that many consumers do not read instructions or take care of their appliances. Mrs. Ellen Rittle, who has run a repair center in Burbank, Calif., for 25 years, says that toasters often contain such detritus as pennies, spoons, sunflower seeds and cockroaches.

A more basic reason for unrepairables is the recent proliferation and sophistication of appliances, some of which have complicated solid-state circuitry. The consumer today relies on powered handy-ands to perform the gamut of erstwhile manual chores: to carve, squeeze, blend, mix, whip, grind, toast, grill, simmer, brew, stew, waffle, percolate, fry, dry, polish, drill, sharpen, sweep, vacuum, brush, iron, comb, curl, open cans, close pores and answer the phone.

The cheapness and abundance of electrical slaves pose almost insuperable problems for the professional Mr. Fix-It, who can afford neither the space nor the capital to stock an adequate inventory of spare parts. Even big department stores, such as Macy's in New York City and Hudson's in Detroit, treat conked-out appliances like leprosy cases. As a result, many frustrated owners simply stash away the mute, inoperable machines like dirty clothes until they have enough to

fill a shopping bag and take to a good repair shop—if they can find one.

There are such places, bless them. They range from Old Curiosity Shops to assembly line emporiums. On State Street in Bangor, Me., Clarence Ellis has spent almost half of his 50 years fiddling with unruly appliances. He can fix anything but has little cuss with newfangled mechanisms. When he needs an appliance for his own use, he scours the town dump for an old, dependable, repairable machine. "You're better off," he says, "with a good rebuilt vacuum cleaner than a new cheap one." Since it is hard to get parts for an appliance that is more than ten years old, Boston's Lavezzo custom-makes them.

There are few such dispensaries, how-



Ellen Rittle eying damage in Burbank, Calif.  
Proliferation of plastic unrepairables.

cations (22-C), read carefully instructions attached (22-D). Nearest service centers are listed in enclosed form (22-E). Welcome to the Magico-Duzzit Family!

Welcome to Catch-22 (A-Z)!

Chances are, Magico-Duzzit will expire one week after enclosed warranty does (Catch 22-F). Nearest service center listed is 22 miles and a dreary drive away (22-G). Or Proud Owner can mail now obsolete (at 53 weeks) Magico to aforesaid manufacturer and expect it back in two or three months, or many more if mfr. hangs out in Hong Kong (22-H). Or P.O. can attempt to get it repaired at Friendly Neighborhood Hardware Store, only to find that F.N.H.S. no longer handles repairs (22-I). Thoroughly p.o. d, P.O. finally locates a shop that actually under-



Mark Walsh testing toaster in Elmhurst, Ill.  
Detritus includes pennies, spoons, roaches.

ever. And the rule of thumb is that if the cost of repair is more than one-third of the original purchase price of the appliance, better junk it.

To be sure, a little electrical object that is expected to last for years may cost no more, *pace* President Carter, than a no-martini lunch for two. Yet the metal, unlike the meal, is an acquired object deserving of respect, even affection. It is a dismal comment on American society that our whiffers and woppers and slicers and sizzlers seem so often to be designed for the junk heap. Most of the major manufacturers claim to stand by their products, as do, slightly reeling, the repairmen who can cope with them. Still, they don't make 'em like they used to. Or fix 'em.

# Ford introduces FUTURA



A combination of styling and technology for 1978...and beyond.

Here is a car for the automotive future. With dynamic styling inside and out. Comfort for five passengers, yet fuel and cost efficiency for the years ahead. A car realistically priced for today. The new Futura. Before you consider any other car available today, read on...

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50,000 miles about \$150.\***

Futura is a car engineered to hold down the costs of maintenance. Ford estimates that with automatic transmission and Futura's standard engine, 50,000 miles of scheduled maintenance

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**33 MPG (hwy) 23 MPG (city)**

Futura's EPA mileage estimates—with 2.3 litre engine and manual 4-speed—are the highest of any car in its class. Of course, your actual mileage may vary depending on how you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment. Calif. ratings are lower. Futura is also available with 3.3 litre 6-cylinder and 5.0 litre V-8 engines.

**\$4,267 as shown**

Futura's sticker price excluding taxes, title and destination charges.

Visit your local Ford Dealer for a personal test drive. And find out what's ahead for 1978...and beyond.

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